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THE MINISTRY.—THE ARISTOCRACY.—AND THE
PEOPLE.

EVERY day furnishes additional evidence that the present administration, however highly gifted, many of its individual members are, is, as a whole, unfit to cope with the difficulties with which it is surrounded, or to avert from the country those dangers with which it is now threatened. No one, indeed, thinks of denying, the commanding intellect of a Brougham, the noble consistency of a Grey, the eloquence of a Stanley, or the honesty of an Althorp ; but what matters it to the nation, that these eminent men are distinguished by such qualities, if the ministry, of which they form a part, pursue so weak and vacillating a policy, and continually departs from resolutions on which it has professed to stake its existence and reputation. Far be it from us, however, to assert, that the task imposed upon ministers is one of easy accomplishment, or that any thing but an energetic resistance, to the clamours of prejudice, and faction, and a pure and disinterested regard, to the welfare of the great body of the people, can enable them to gain the present confidence, and secure the lasting gratitude of the country. But while freely admitting, that the situation in which ministers are placed, is an arduous and embarrassing one ; we are at the same time of opinion, that it was only a reasonable expectation, which led the people to believe, that these men, who had formerly sacrificed so much in defence of liberal principles, would be eager to carry them into full effect, when by doing so, they would procure unbounded popularity, and be enabled to defy all the efforts of their bitterest and most powerful enemies. Strange and lamentable, however, as the fact is, it appears undeniably certain, that ministers have yielded to the most dangerous snare which beset them ; and have resolved to adopt, a temporary policy, and to act as mediators between the Conservatives, and the Reformers. That such a course, besides being scarcely reconcileable with that purity, and integrity, which ought to guide the measures of every government, is also at variance with the true interest of the ministry and the nation, cannot, we think, be doubted by any one, who is at all acquainted with the situation of the country, and with the state of parties. No man, who is conversant with the state of

public opinion, and who is not wilfully blind to the signs of the times, can fail to admit, that there exist throughout every part of the country, a strong, and daily encreasing feeling, in favour of those practical reforms, by which the burdens of the people may be lightened, and the institutions of the state, purified from those abuses which impair their efficiency, and alienate from them, the respect, and affections of the people. It is, at the same time, scarcely less evident, that there exists a strong and powerful party, which views with suspicion and dislike, the progress of democratic opinions, and which is at direct variance, with the majority of the people, in regard to those great and interesting questions, connected with our domestic policy; the discussion and settlement of which, cannot be much longer delayed, with prudence, or even with safety. The people are, however inadequately, at least to a certain extent, represented in the House of Commons; and the Conservative or Anti-reforming party, undoubtedly, possesses a great majority in the House of Lords; ministers therefore, finding themselves placed, not only between two parties, but between two branches of the Legislature, have, during the present session of parliament, endeavoured to introduce measures, which might satisfy the one, without deeply offending the other; but, as usually happens in such cases, they have utterly failed in their object, and while they have not advanced a single step, in abating the hostility, and conciliating the favour of the Conservatives, they have, in the vain attempt to do so, disgusted many of their best friends, and nearly lost that which was the firmest foundation of their power, the confidence of the middle classes of the country. In casting a rapid glance, on the chief events, which have distinguished our domestic history, during the last six or seven months, our great object will be, to illustrate the position in which ministers are placed, in relation to the people and the aristocracy; and to point out, to the best of our ability, the injurious effects which have resulted, not only to themselves, but to the country, from the conduct which they have pursued, in consequence of the position.

Every man, of ordinary understanding and foresight, clearly discerned, that the success of the Reform Bill, would prove only the commencement, instead of the termination, of ministerial difficulties; and that the assembling of the Reformed Parliament, in the then existing circumstances of the country, might well fill with apprehension, the most experienced and able statesmen. The excitement which prevailed, during the agitation of the Reform-question, had diffused throughout the country, many wild and extravagant hopes, which could never be realized; and, perhaps, even the rational and well-informed portion of the community, indulged exaggerated expectations, of the benefit to be derived from the Reform Bill. The indefatigable effort of the Press, and the progress of political knowledge, had for ever torn aside the veil which concealed from public observation, the internal working of the constitution, and the general sense of the country loudly expressed itself, in opposition to the abuses, which disgraced the administration of government. The call for an extensive, and radical Reform, was loud and almost universal; and every class of the community, labouring under many difficulties, and privations,

firmly believed, that nothing but such a Reform, could permanently improve its condition, and prospects. Although England may have been at former periods, in circumstances of still greater depression than those in which she is at present placed, it cannot be denied, that the existing state of society, presents many alarming features, and none more so, than the fact, that the outward condition of the working classes, is gradually becoming more trying, and unfavourable; while these classes are at the same time, rapidly advancing in political knowledge, and intellectual improvement. Knowledge must always be attended with many beneficial consequences, but we do not believe, that it will ever reconcile the body of the people, to great and encreasing physical privation; and we fear, that it is much more likely to aggravate, than to alleviate their sufferings: and may lead them to engage in designs, which, to the country must be productive of unspeakable misery, and ultimate ruin. But, although the situation of England, at the opening of Parliament, was not very favourable, that of Ireland was much more critical, and alarming; and the internal discord which has always been the plague of that unhappy country, coupled with the daily perpetration, of the most disgraceful outrages, and a system of political agitation, which was driving to madness, her excitable population, inspired every true friend of his country, with mingled feelings of sorrow and apprehension. Who can deny that, under such circumstances, ministers could never hope to guide successfully the deliberations of a reformed parliament, unless by displaying, in every measure which they brought forward, the most disinterested patriotism, the most unshaken firmness, rooted determination, to disregard every party consideration, and every personal interest in the great work of promoting the real welfare of their country.

As it was universally known, that ministers possessed a large majority in the new House of Commons, the first proceedings of the house, were held to be indicative of the policy which they intended to pursue, and in this view, the election of an ultra Tory speaker, excited feelings of surprise and distrust, which all the plausible reasons advanced in support of that election, failed to remove. This however, was at best, but a point of minor importance, and the country still awaited, with impatience, and with little abatement of confidence, the announcement of the measures which ministers intended to propose, regarding those general subjects which engrossed universal attention. The coercive measures first threatened, and those formally proposed for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland, elicited from the more zealous members of the liberal party, the strongest expressions of its disapprobation, although we are inclined to think, that the country in general, was on this occasion, willing, not only to give ministers credit for good intentions, but even to admit, that they had performed a necessary, although a painful duty. But while the sincere friends of liberty, and of Ireland, differed in opinion, as to the necessity, and expediency of the Coercive Bill, all agreed that that bill would prove utterly inefficacious, unless it was followed up by remedial measures, not less vigorous, efficient, and extensive, than those which had been desired for

punishing, and restraining crimes, which, although they violated the very first laws of civil society, might be traced to that system of misgovernment, and oppression, under which Ireland had so long groaned. It would be madness to suppose, that the Coercion Bill, would ever have been supported by such large majorities in the House of Commons, or submitted to by the country, except on the understanding that the government of Ireland, was henceforth to be conducted on liberal principles; and that while existing laws were to be maintained, not a moment was to be lost in modifying, or repealing those enactments originally unjust in themselves; or by their known consequences, productive of incalculable evils. Had not those members of the liberal party, who supported the Coercion Bill, acted upon such an understanding, they would have been guilty of the most shameful inconsistency; for every one of them professed, to hold it as a first principle, that misgovernment was the great source of all the evils which afflicted Ireland.

We are firmly convinced, that at least, the liberal portion of the present administration, while determined to maintain the supremacy of law, and justice, in Ireland; was not less determined to institute a fearless, and searching inquiry, into the numerous grievances, of that unhappy country: and to provide means for their effectual and speedy removal. But whatever were the intentions of ministers, how lamentably deficient have been their performances; and, can the most zealous, and partial advocate of government, deny, that the Irish Church Bill, even in its original and un mutilated state, was but a poor and paltry equivalent, for measures whose severity extorted, even from the Tories, something like disapprobation. Even in so far as respects its peculiar object, the Irish Church Bill is very deficient, and can only prove acceptable as the commencement of a still more extensive and efficient Reform; although under existing circumstances, we think it would have been much better to have gone at once to the root of the evil, and to have placed the Irish Church, at least prospectively, upon a footing which might have satisfied its liberal friends, if not those who were altogether opposed to its existence. It is impossible that the Catholics, while they form the vast majority of the Irish population, can now rest tranquil or satisfied, while they are compelled to contribute directly, to the support of a religious establishment, which they regard with abhorrence: and, if there exist, on the part of England, any desire that the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, should be maintained and strengthened, the direct taxes, raised in behalf of the Protestant church, must be abolished, and that very speedily. The true friends of the Protestant religion in Ireland, will act wisely, if they sanction, and advocate a church reform; which by the commutation of tithes, the abolition of the other church imposts, and a fair, and judicious distribution, of the ample revenues of the church, may place the Protestant establishment in a situation, which may command the respect, without provoking the hostility, of its numerous and formidable enemies. Let no man go away with the false impression, that such a reform, can only be the work of time; it must be commenced in good earnest, and that immediately, if it is

not even now too late, for unless this is done, it requires not the discernment of a prophet, to predict that the days of the Irish church, are already numbered.

When, however, we take into consideration the numerous difficulties which beset the question of Irish Church Reform, ministers are, in our estimation, less deserving of censure, for having neglected to bring forward a really efficient Church Reform Bill, than for having omitted to prepare other measures much more indispensable; and much more calculated to promote the permanent welfare of Ireland, and to remove evils which are not only fatal to the present peace and happiness of Ireland, but fraught with danger to the whole empire. We are well aware that Ireland can never enjoy internal and permanent peace, until some means are found to check those religious animosities by which she is distracted, and to remove the numerous abuses of the church establishment; but certain we are, that although both of these important objects were gained, she would still remain restless, disturbed, and dissatisfied, unless some effectual remedies were applied to the inherent evils which affect her social condition. In a word, does not every man, who is not blind to the plainest dictates of common sense, clearly perceive that all the miseries of Ireland arise from one source—the existence of an ignorant, overgrown, and starving population; and that until the great original cause of agitation is taken away, agitation will never be removed by any concessions however great, and however often repeated. Long indeed before the present period, their accumulated wrongs and aggravated misery must have driven the Irish peasantry into open rebellion, had not the influence of the Catholic priesthood, united with that of Mr. O'Connell, preserved them from a course which would only have forged new chains for their country, and increased tenfold their own sufferings. But it is ruin to expect that any influence can permanently restrain the excesses of a population groaning under privations, the bare thought of which sickens the heart; and we may rest assured, that unless some means are instantly employed to improve the condition of the lower orders in Ireland, that country will, at no distant period, be laid waste by a social revolution of the most terrible and remorseless character.

But we will now be met by the question—What plan do you recommend for the removal or mitigation of this great evil which affects Ireland? We answer, without hesitation, the establishment of poor laws. We are not insensible indeed, for who can be so, to the injurious effects of which the poor laws have been productive in England; but surely these effects may be traced to a particular system, without invalidating the general principle, that it is the duty of every community to make legal provision for those of its members who, by age, sickness, or any other cause, are unable to supply their own wants. If it suited either our present limits, or our present object, we would therefore be prepared to maintain this general principle as applicable to every country and every community, but in the meantime we are willing to take lower grounds, and to rest satisfied with fearing that it is absolutely necessary, as a matter of expediency, to provide subsistence for that portion of the Irish population which

is now condemned to a poverty little short of actual starvation. The case of Ireland affords a striking example of the baneful consequences which result from allowing a pauper population to depend upon the contributions of a voluntary charity; for the hordes of beggars with which every part of the country is overrun, not only encourage all kinds of superstition, but propagate the most mischievous political doctrines or delusions, the influence of which, although imperceptible, is not therefore the less powerful and dangerous. Every man who is ejected from his farm, or who is unable to procure settled labour, must, as a matter of necessity, become a common beggar, and thus there exists a vast and daily increasing mass of vigorous men, who, with feelings embittered by their own sufferings, are ready to join in any attempt, however criminal, and however desperate, which promises to afford them present relief, or at least to satisfy their ardent desires of revenge. But the destitution of the labouring class in Ireland is not only the cause of the general misery and insecurity which prevails in that country, but also exercises a most direct and pernicious influence over the condition of the working classes throughout the whole empire; so that if even the British people were insensible to the feelings of humanity, and the considerations of justice, a regard to their own interest must compel them to admit the necessity of doing something for the Irish poor. Great numbers of Irish labourers, flying from the misery which everywhere meets them in their own country, are flocking into the united kingdom, and must soon succeed in reducing wages to an amount barely sufficient to supply the indispensable wants of nature; and is there a man who is prepared to contemplate the mere probability of our own working classes being reduced to the degraded situation of Irish labourers, although we believe this catastrophe to be inevitable, unless some system of poor laws is established in Ireland.

Deeply impressed with these considerations, we did fondly hope that ministers, whatever else they neglected, would have directed their especial attention to Ireland, and would have felt it to be their first duty, not only to devise means for putting an end to the disorders which prevailed in that country, but also honestly and fearlessly to search into the causes from which these disorders sprung, and to employ every possible effect for the speedy removal of such causes. But we fear that the Church Bill, and the appointment of a committee to inquire into the propriety of establishing poor laws, are, so far as respects Ireland, destined to be the only fruits of the first session of the reformed Parliament. We deeply regret that such should be the case, for there is no question connected with our domestic policy which can less bear to be tampered with than the situation of Ireland, and ministers are grievously deceived if they imagine that the Coercion Bill has produced real and permanent tranquillity; and they may rest assured that it will never do so, unless followed up by a full redress of their grievances, the continued existence of which gives to that bill the aspect of a tyrannical attempt to put down those just remonstrances which such grievances must and ought to excite. We earnestly hope, however, that if ministers see another session of Parliament, they will repair the capital error, and even

then, perhaps, it may not be too late to save the empire from dismemberment and civil war.

The most fatal error into which our rulers are liable to be betrayed at the present moment, consists in the temptation to get rid of pressing difficulties by temporary expedients, and to rest satisfied if they can only carry on the business of government without so far exciting the people as to lead to any immediate and dangerous expression of public opinion. The history of the last six months has tended to increase the temptation; for it cannot be denied, that although the people have been deeply dissatisfied with many of the proceedings of government, they have in general exhibited no disposition to resort to any extreme or violent measures, in order to render their own opinions more influential in the management of public affairs. But it must never be forgotten that, under this deceitful calm, there lurks a growing hostility to every established institution, and a growing conviction that the abuses of the State are too deep-rooted to be eradicated by any thing but the entire destruction of the system upon which they have been engendered. Never at any former period in the annals of our history, did so much depend upon the wisdom and prudence of an existing administration, as there does at the present moment, and therefore the increasing unpopularity of the present ministry is a symptom of fearful and ominous import, on which no intelligent man can look without pain and alarm. The people are not only dissatisfied with the little progress which has been made in the great cause of practical reform, but they are even beginning to entertain an opinion that ministers are not sincerely desirous of promoting that cause, and that they shrink from the task of completing that work, of which the Reform Bill was only the commencement. We place however too much confidence in the understanding and principles of the leading members of administration, to believe that they are either ignorant of, or inattentive to the state of public opinion, and unless they are so, they must be convinced that no government can now stand which does not exhibit an honest determination to go to the root of every abuse, and to employ its whole influence in promoting the welfare of all classes of the people. But even although we may admit that ministers are actuated by good intentions, it is impossible to deny that their conduct has been little distinguished by that energy and decision which the critical state of our affairs so urgently requires, and that, during the present session of Parliament, they have done far less for the real benefit of the people than what they might have accomplished with equal ease, and far greater credit to themselves.

It is not a little remarkable, although very characteristic of the English nation, that when the election of an Ultra-Tory Speaker, the Coercion Bill, and the rejection of the Ballot, excited only a few complaints, without leading to any visible and general discontent, the country was placed upon the brink of a revolution by the refusal of the ministry and the Parliament to abolish an obnoxious tax. The most irksome, perplexing, and thankless, of all offices, is undoubtedly that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we are surprised that even the proverbial patience and good humour of Lord Althorp have

restrained him from throwing up in disgust a situation, the difficulties of which are every day increasing, and which has to him been productive of mortifications, which a man of more acute feelings would have been unable to endure. The announcement of the Budget forms always one of the most important events in the political history of the year, and of late it has been anticipated with more than usual eagerness, from the fond hope indulged by the people, that their rulers had discovered some method of relieving them from burdens, the pressure of which gives a general interest to the political movements of the country which they would not otherwise possess. It cannot be denied that the Budget, for the present year, was, so far as it went, founded upon correct principles, and calculated to be of considerable benefit to the country; but the relief from taxation, which was at best but very moderate, was still less felt and appreciated by being applied to different branches of the revenue, and thus conferring no very marked advantage upon any particular class. But, in the estimation of the people, the capital defect in the Budget was, that it did not provide means for the repeal of the assessed taxes, and ministers must have regretted that they had not confined their reductions to this odious impost, when they beheld the storm of popular indignation which was excited by the prospect of its continuance. All the evil deeds of ministers were now recalled to remembrance, and the violent men of all parties secured so favourable an opportunity of gaining popularity, and embarrassing the government. The unexpected vote of the House of Commons, reducing the Malt Tax to one half of the former amount, placed ministers in a very awkward predicament, and for a short time it was supposed that they would yield to the wishes of the people, and by a change in the system of taxation, procure means for repealing both the Malt and Assessed Taxes; but afraid of venturing upon the perilous experiment of a Property Tax, ministers adopted a different course of proceeding, and induced the House of Commons not only to sanction the continuance of the Assessed Taxes, but also to rescind its vote for the reduction of the Malt Tax.

While it must be admitted that the whole conduct of government, in regard to the Malt and Assessed Taxes, reflected little credit upon the capacity and foresight of ministers, or at least of lord Althorp, we must at the same time condemn, in the strongest terms, the rash, violent, and unconstitutional measures, which were openly threatened, and warmly applauded, at those meetings which took place in London, after the defeat of Sir John Key's motion. A refusal to pay taxes can ever be lawful, except in the very last extremity; and as soon as we acknowledge the principle, that because Parliament does not immediately repeal a long-standing, although unpopular tax, the people are entitled to decline payment of that tax, we strike at the root of all government, and prepare the way for universal anarchy and confusion. Even after the utmost possible amount of reduction, which can take place in the public expenditure, an immense revenue must still be raised by means of taxation, unless we break faith with the public creditor, and thus bring disgrace upon our national character. But it is easy to foresee, that if each particular class of tax

payers seeks to throw off its own burden, by rendering it impossible to collect the tax of which it complains, the machinery of government can no longer be carried on, and our national credit, the former basis of our national prosperity being overthrown, all classes will groan under evils, compared to which the most oppressive tax would appear light and easy. It is, indeed, the imperative duty of the government and the legislature, to endeavour to place our taxation upon the most fair and equitable system; but this must be a work of time and difficulty, and it is a work which will never be accomplished, if the people are determined to extort, at any price, the immediate repeal of every obnoxious tax. Let the country learn to exercise a little patience, and as neither the present administration, nor the present parliament, is destined to be eternal, let it remember that its matured opinion must be listened to at no distant period, and that those are its worst enemies, who, by violent and revolutionary proceedings, would oppose an effectual barrier to all rational Reform, and involve the nation in speedy anarchy and ultimate ruin.

Even the most zealous supporters of the Grey administration, are compelled to admit that its present position is a very critical and uncertain one, and little doubt can be entertained that its possession of office would be of very short duration, did there exist the materials for the formation of a new government, which might command the confidence of the country. But the most ardent, if judicious, Reformer would hesitate to do any thing which might hasten on the dissolution of the present cabinet, for although he may consider that cabinet unfit to meet the exigences of the times, and replace the future policy of the country upon a firm and stable foundation, he sees no prospect of supplying the place of the present ministry, with another better fitted to accomplish the object. One would imagine that even the Tories themselves must, under existing circumstances, admit that their acceptance of office would be an act of inconceivable madness and infatuation; but whatever they may think, a vast majority of the people would regard such an event, as the greatest calamity which could befall the country, and as little else than the signal for revolution. While we believe that radical principles are making very rapid progress amongst the middle and working classes, we are at the same time convinced, that the Radicals, as a party, possess no hold upon the country, and are generally regarded with mingled feelings of contempt and distrust, arising from their want of able and experienced leaders; and from the dissention which they too often display to adopt a revolutionary policy, in order to gain some temporary object. In a word, although the present administration may admit of partial alterations, its entire dissolution might be attended with the most dangerous consequences; and therefore however much it has disappointed the expectations of the people, there prevails a general conviction that it must be allowed the benefit of a second trial, and of an opportunity to repair its past errors in a second session of parliament. We trust that ministers are now aware of their real situation, and that taught by the bitter experience of the last four months, they will henceforth act with greater firmness and vigour, and regard it as their first duty and best interest, to secure

the support and confidence of the independent and intelligent part of the country. They must now be sensible, that no sacrifices on their part, however great, can propitiate that portion of the aristocracy which has been all along opposed to their government and their policy; and surely they will never again be guilty of the folly of casting away the affections of a noble and confiding people, in order to purchase, not the friendship—scarcely the temporary forbearance, of their old and bitter enemies.

It must never be forgotten, however, that ministers so far as respects the aristocracy, are placed in a peculiarly difficult and delicate situation, and there is no doubt that a great part of their present unpopularity has resulted from their anxiety to frame their measures in such a manner, as to secure their favourable reception in the House of Lords, without whose consent they could not pass into a law. But while ministers were undoubtedly actuated by conscientious motives, in their endeavours to preserve harmony between the House of Lords and the Representatives of the People, it cannot be denied that those endeavours have been signally unsuccessful; and have not only increased the danger of an ultimate collision, but also rendered the people still more hostile to the unrestrained power, which the constitution vests in the hereditary branch of the legislature. The history of the present session has clearly established the fact, that the House of Lords contains, a great majority unalterably opposed to the present administration, and determined to seize the first favourable opportunity of effecting its overthrow; and it is equally evident that all the past concessions of ministers have had no effect in diminishing the numbers and resolution of this majority. The vote in regard to the affairs of Portugal, and the rejection of the Local Courts Bill, sufficiently proved the spirit which actuated the conservative opposition, and there is no doubt, that the Irish Church Bill would have been thrown out by a large majority, had not the leaders of the Tory party, alarmed at the prospect of the resignation of ministers, thought fit to allow that bill to pass. Surely no one will pretend to assert, that such a state of things can or ought to continue; and it is becoming every day more obvious, that ministers can only secure the confidence of their friends, and the respect of their enemies, by firmly pursuing a policy compatible with their own views of justice and expediency, leaving to the House of Lords the responsibility of sanctioning or condemning that policy. This would certainly call upon ministers to come to some decision, as to the course which they would adopt, in the event of the House of Lords refusing to support those measures, which they regard as necessary to the welfare of the country; and it must be admitted that either a large creation of peers, or a resignation may be attended with many and serious difficulties; if creation of peers, besides being a direct violation of the spirit of the constitution, would be liable to many other objections, and could not be justly, or safely resorted to, until the resignation of ministers had proved to the conviction of every impartial man, the inability of the Tories to carry on the government according to their own principles. The resignation of the present ministry might be attended with many formidable evils, but great as these evils may be, they are less to be

dreaded, than the growing distrust which the people exhibit in regard to all political parties, the continuance of which must sooner or later be productive of very fatal consequences. If any thing can save the country from Revolution, it must be the establishment of a firm, upright, and enlightened government; but even if such a government was established, it can only be permanent and efficient, by possessing the confidence of all the branches of the legislature, which it seems scarcely possible it can do, while the House of Lords and the House of Commons remain constituted as they are at present.

If the opinions entertained by the majority of the House of Lords, were only opposed to those of the present administration, and the present House of Commons, the evil although real, might admit of a constitutional remedy; but, unfortunately, the opinions of that majority, are still more at variance with those of the great body of the people, upon the most important subjects connected with our domestic policy. There is no subject, on which this difference exists to a greater extent, than on Church Reform, and it is scarcely possible to believe, that the House of Lords will ever consent to any plan of Church Reform, which is likely to give permanent satisfaction to the middle classes, who are becoming every day, more hostile to that external pomp and splendour which, in the estimation of the Conservatives, encrease the dignity and influence of an 'established church.' Even the very principle of religious establishments is beginning to be violently assailed, and those who are friendly to that principle can only obtain a hearing, by exposing and condemning the abuses of the church, and proving that they do not necessarily belong to an establishment; but only tend to impede its efficacy. If public opinion possessed that influence in the House of Commons, which it must ere long do, then would soon be introduced a Bill of Church Reform, essential parts of which would be, the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords—the more equal distribution of the Church Revenues—and the modification of patronage; but it is needless to observe that the rejection of any such but in the House of Lords, would be a matter of certainty. It is admitted that the House of Lords only consented to the Irish Church Bill, from expediency or rather necessity; and if such was the case, in regard to a measure so very moderate and inefficient, what would be the fate of any Bill which embodied the opinions of the people, in regard to Church Reform. The church, we fear, is destined to form the most fruitful subject of contention between the Aristocracy and the People; and we apprehend that any kind of half measures, to which the former might, perhaps, consent, would only increase the dissatisfaction of the latter, and lead them ultimately to demand the entire destruction of the Church Establishment.

But while it is becoming every day more evident that the House of Lords, is never likely to harmonize with a House of Commons, truly representing the feelings and opinions of the people, it is no easy matter to point out a practical remedy for an evil of such magnitude, and which affects, in so many ways, the general interests of the country. It is very evident that there already exists, in the public mind, a strong prejudice against the principle of an hereditary legislature;

and it is scarcely possible to doubt, that whenever any practical emergency arises, this will lead to a manifestation of public opinion, the result of which must be a radical change in the present constitution of the House of Lords. No intelligent and practical man, indeed, will refuse to admit that the government, if the country cannot be carried on, unless some means are devised to induce all the branches of the legislation to unite in measures, which may satisfy the people, and may retard the progress of those opinions, which if allowed to encrease, must lead to an entire Revolution in our present system of government. We will not pretend to offer any opinion as to what those means ought to be, but will only express our earnest hope, that the discussion of a question, which involves so important a change in the constitution, may be conducted with calmness and moderation; and may, at last, be settled in a permanent and satisfactory manner. In the meantime, we must again repeat our former opinion, that a regard to its own honour, and to the real welfare of the country, imperatively calls upon the present administration to pursue a vigorous, consistent, and honest course of policy; for, if it does so, it may rest assured, that in any difficulty which results from such a policy, it will be powerfully supported by the country, and will be enabled, not only to overcome every such difficulty, but to place its own power upon a firm and enduring foundation.

THE COURTIER'S RETORT.

The Second Charles was any thing
 Except a sage and solemn king;
 No fool was he, howe'er his sin
 Lay in such ware as Nelly Gwynne,
 Davies and Lucy Waters, Castlemaine—
 They turned his pockets, not his brain.
 His court was vicious, profligate;
 Good lack! how we're improved of late!
 But Charles was monarch of these olden days,
 When kings loved mistresses, and wine, and plays;
 And every courtier felt, or feigned a passion;
 For vice, like virtue, reigns by Fashion.
 Among the rest old Shaftesbury kept a dame,
 Less for the pleasure than the name.
 The king apprised it, his finger laid
 Upon his shoulder, and he said—
 "I verily believe my lord,
 My English realms do not afford
 Than thou a more pernicious elf!"
 The courtier bowed, and said, "our king
 Has said a just though cutting thing,
 And quite forgot himself."

SCHEME OF A LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

IF some facetious demon, seized with a desire to make a nation discontented and its legislators ridiculous, were to set his wit to organize a plan eminently calculated to produce both these results, he would probably, in the first place, ordain that the highest legislative assembly should be composed without any reference to the qualifications of its members. If he did not require the actual production of a certificate of mental imbecility and moral turpitude as the condition of a senator's election, he would at least insist that the moral and intellectual fitness of the candidate should never be inquired into, and that the business of selection should be entrusted to the care of blind indiscriminating chance. It might enter into his whimsical brain to decree that, in the first instance, a certain number of illiterate barbarians should be set apart from the herd of mankind for the purpose of forming a house of senators; and that upon the body thus obtained should devolve the labour of perpetuating the breed; senator ever being senator, from generation to generation, so long as no physical impediment occurred to interrupt the series. If he were a demon gifted with prescience, and foresaw that in after times particular senators would be gathered to their fathers without leaving issue to inherit the dignity, he would insert a clause in his constitution declaring that, in the event of such an accident, the void in the muster roll of the senate should be filled up by the insertion of some name, either obscure or conspicuous, taken—not at random from among the mob, for there might be village Hampdens—but selected with a cautious and vigilant disregard to the abilities and knowledge of the owner. To secure this point (manifestly the keystone of the system) it would be proper to specify the description of persons which the lapse of time, the progress of society, and the accidents of life would be most likely to leave, in that primeval state of mental barrenness which would most admirably qualify the senator, and ensure the success of the scheme.

It seems not improbable that a preference would be awarded to the personal favourites of the ruling monarch. Because if it should sometimes happen that an individual of this description would escape being an object of general contempt, yet it would rarely occur that he could enjoy any considerable share of public esteem; and the fiendish speculator would not fail to foresee that, taken as a class, the panders of monarchs would never be distinguished for their attainments in political philosophy, or for their display of patriotic integrity. Next to the Gavestons and Buckinghams of the sovereign, it is not unreasonable to suppose the father of the charter would recommend the servile tools—the Doddingtons and Dundasses of a corrupt minister. But whether the creation should be made from among the poor or the rich tools might, without endangering the success of the plan, be left to the caprice or judgment of the creating power. Because if the pauper tools should happen to possess talent and know-

ledge, these fatal properties would invariably be compensated by an utter want of honesty.

And if the rich tools, by a miraculous dispensation, should sometimes have it in their power to boast a few grains of sense, this disqualifying accident would always be counterbalanced by the circumstance of their being just as dishonest as the poor ones. In either case, the existence of a capacity, or of the spark of a capacity, to derive measures for the public weal, would be rendered innocuous by the neutralizing presence of knavery; and without risking the fundamental principle of the senate, and swamping that body by the introduction of a single patriot, the tool worthiest to be chosen might be ascertained by an appeal to the dice, or to any other method by which men interrogate the blind goddess and receive, or fancy they receive her incontrovertible replies. Third on the list of eligible persons, the discerning demon would place naval and military men. Not, most assuredly, because brave admirals and victorious generals are less praiseworthy or more foolish than the rest of mankind, but because their profession is wild and roving; the habits it engenders are opposed to the acquisition of that knowledge which a legislator ought to possess; and their avowed sentiments are generally averse to that unheroic policy, which prefers the tranquillity of peace to the commotion of war, and best secures the happiness of an intelligent people. Finally, it seems highly probable, nay, if we recollect the object of the supposed political architect, it is morally certain, that he would predestinate to the senatorial robe, so many of those unfortunate individuals who surreptitiously steal into existence without the decent aid of a marriage ceremony, as a credulous monarch confiding in the integrity of his mistress, should be rash enough to recognize as scions of the royal stock. The stigma that generally attaches to the victim of an irregular admission into life, would not escape the notice of the observant demon; and the odium which is more particularly heaped on the favoured bastard of royalty, would not fail to recommend him as a fit instrument to promote the well-working of the system.

But it is not to be supposed the foresight of the demon would stop here. Bearing in mind the grand results which his scheme was destined to ensure, he would positively require that each senator should, as far as possible, be rendered thoroughly independent and responsible. To secure this point, he would prescribe the possession of an ample income, derived either from private property or from the purse of the public. If the private funds should happen to be scanty, a pension of some four or five thousand a year would be ordered to flow out of the public treasury, and follow the infant title with as much certainty as a refreshing stream follows the windings of a pleasant vale. This beneficent provision would enable the senator (if so minded) to lead a private life of vigorous debauchery, of feeble frivolity, or harmless uselessness, and at the same time go far to ensure an abandonment of the irksome duties of the senatorial office, which, whether they should be unscrupulously neglected, or faithfully performed, the liberal policy of the demon would leave entirely to the honour and conscience of the pensioner.

But as a farther means of providing for the independence of the conscript fathers, no doubt, an article would be framed by virtue whereof every senator, whether wallowing in the wealth of Cræsus, or stricken with the poverty of Belisarius, would be protected from those familiar salutations of the bound bailiffs to which the crowd of undignified debtors is constantly exposed. This clause would spare the porcelian clay of nobility the ignominy of compulsory honesty; enable the senators, if not to laugh, at least to smile at their creditors; injure that importunate crew by depriving them of the readiest method of extracting a payment; and, on the whole, materially tend to bring about the result contemplated by the perverse intelligence of its mischievous framer. Next, we may suppose, malignant ingenuity would make the senators the objects of a pernicious and invidious distinction. Knowing that as descendants of Adam they must, in common with other men, be prone to mendacity, they would, notwithstanding, be exempted, in certain cases, from the solemn sanctions whereby alone truth is supposed to be elicited from mortals. Aware that they must derive their natures from the same corrupted source as the *âme damnée* of the Custom-House—conscious that in all innate propensities, they must be just upon a par with that respectable personage, the demon would, nevertheless, introduce a distinction in their favour, and oblige posterity to give the same credit to their simple, “yea,” and “nay,” as to the solemn oaths of other men. The multitude (“swinish multitude,”) thus impliedly proscribed as habitual and inveterate liars, except when upon oath, would challenge the claims of the senators to be believed on their simple word of honour, sneer at them and their preposterous pretensions, and thus to a limited yet gratifying extent realize the expectations of the diabolical machination.

We might fill up the scanty outline we have hastily sketched, till it should appear less as an extravagant design of a diabolical imagination, than as a faithful copy of an existing institution. But we forbear. The *likeness* might be discovered by the *things* depicted; the infraction of the second commandment, might be construed into a breach of privilege; and the libelous fidelity of the artist rewarded with a six month's residence in the salubrious apartments of His Majesty's common jail at Newgate.

THE LIVERPOOL BUCCANEERS.

TOWARDS the close of day, on the 2nd of August, 1819, the passengers and crew of a small English brig, named the *Helen*, Liverpool, were enjoying the first breath of a cool light breeze, that had sprung up from the Spanish shore: and which approaching slowly and uninterruptedly, promised relief to the weariness and exhaustion occasioned by twelve hour's calm under a burning sun, between the coasts of Spain and Africa. There is nothing, haply, in the course of a sea life more dispiriting to a sailor, than the monotonous and heavy flapping of the sails against the mast—the alternate rolling and pitching of the vessel—and the creaking strain of masts and timbers, as she lies a sluggish weight upon the waters: and the veriest landsman may allow that, whatever there be of fearful and perilous in a storm, there is no want of grandeur of effect, or excitement of feeling, so directly the reverse of the sickening tedium of a continued calm. Each motion of the feather-vane, at the bidding of the capricious breeze, was hailed with pleasure by the *Helen's* crew, and their anxious observation of the dark and distant line that marked the progress of the wind from the north, was only, at times, diverted by the sublime appearance, that the white and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada presented, as the last rays of the setting sun lighted up its summits; while the near and bold promontory of Cape de Gatt, was fast sinking into obscurity, and the various sail they had observed during the day, were one by one lost to view—with the exception, however, of a vessel of the *Helen's* size, which, having already caught the breeze, was evidently bearing down, with well-filled sails, in the direction where she lay.

“Take the glass, Weeks, and examine her well, while light is left us,” said Captain Cornish to his mate, after having some time observed the stranger, “for I am puzzled what to make of her. In shape, spars and rigging, she is the very counterpart of the American, that spoke us at day-light this morning.”

“Why, captain, the brig bearing down on us, has quarter badges and a billet-head, which the yankee had not:” answered the mate, as he still intently observed her: “she shews a gun too, at the larboard bow, and yet it is neither more or less than the American. One can tell her, amongst ten thousand, by the raking of her masts, although she is somewhat disguised since she spoke us, and has a wicked look.”

“Humph!” said Cornish, as he paced the deck, keeping his eyes fixed on the now fast approaching vessel—“There is something strange in all this: and were we not, in the very highway of trade, and far within the straits, I should not feel quite at ease. As for the news of war, being declared by the United States against Great Britain, which the captain reported as having had place, before he left Boston, two and twenty days since, it can be mere yankee invention:—yet there is something ugly in it altogether: and I would give no

little that we were well quit of her, Weeks." The latter had been most zealously whistling for some time, invoking, in seamen's fashion, the speedy arrival of the promised breeze.

"If I be allowed to give my opinion, on that vessel that is closing us now," observed a young sailor, named Heath, "I would lay an even bet that she was in the docks, when we quitted port, and that she is neither more nor less than a Liverpool Trader."

"So much the better," observed Cornish, "God grant it be so, for were any accident to arrive to our vessel here, the only means of maintenance for my wife and eight young children, would be at once cut off: but silence"—he exclaimed, as a musket was fired by the stranger, in the direction of the Helen, "Let us hear what they want of us." The American being now within hailing distance, a person on board of her, ordered Cornish to put out his boat, and come on board of her with his papers—a command that announced no friendly intention, but which the Helen's captain was more disposed to avoid than dispute, in alledging the fact of his boat being lumbered, and the difficulty of getting her clear. His excuse was, however, met with a threat of sinking his vessel, if he did not instantly comply; and the sight of a lighted lanthorn on the stranger's deck, by the side of the gun, indicated that it was no empty menace he had proffered. The crew were immediately employed in freeing and lowering the boat, and Cornish, having provided himself with the ship's papers, proceeded, with four of his men, to obey the extraordinary mandate of the American. In passing under the larboard quarter of the latter, a long boat filled with men, and, so far as light enabled him to judge, all armed, rowed off towards the Helen; and Cornish was in the act of directing his men to pull after her, when a centinel at the stranger's gangway, ordered him to lie on his oars, under pain of being fired at, until he should receive the commands of the captain of the enemy. After a short delay, he was ordered to return to his own vessel, which he did; but no sooner had he gained his deck, than he and the sailors were violently seized, and hurried beneath into the forecabin, where he found his crew and passengers, together with his eldest son, who served on board as a cabin boy; and, before he could remonstrate with those who had attacked him, the hatches were nailed down upon eleven persons, confined in a space which scarcely permitted them to move their limbs. Their captors were distinctly heard to be employed the whole night, in raising the cargo from the hold, consisting of manufactured goods and colonial produce of great value, destined for Leghorn; while the sufferings of the prisoners were of the most dreadful nature, they being overcome by excessive heat—parched with thirst—and denied the slightest breath of air. The cries of these wretched men, at length worked upon the feelings of one of the invaders, somewhat more humane than the rest, who, as day broke, was induced to remove the bull's eye that afforded light; and the fresh air of morning, partially admitted through the limited aperture, somewhat tended to revive them. Relieved from the apprehension of suffocation, they now listened to the lashing of the two vessels together, bow to bow, for the purpose of transferring the Helen's cargo to the possession of her captors; and the silence was only in-

interrupted by Heath's pointing out to the notice of Capt. Cornish, some marks upon the fore-topsail and foresail of the enemy's vessel, which could be descried through the aperture, and which proved, on examination, to be the names of two sail-makers at Liverpool, a discovery, that seemed to cast yet further doubt upon her being an American, although none of those who strove to solve the mystery, were, for a moment, disposed to admit the idea of a piracy, so foul and guilty, being the act of their countrymen.

Their observations were soon interrupted by the intervention of one of the two men, who had, since daylight, been placed as sentinels at the aperture, who, presenting a pistol at the hole, threatened them with instant death, if further conversation had place; but who, after much intreaty, handed them some bread and water. Noon at length arrived, when it appeared that the pirates had completed their labour of transferring the cargo; and Cornish indulged a hope, that, satisfied with their important spoil, they might be induced to abandon his vessel, and allow them to regain their liberty; but all his better expectations were at once crushed, as he heard his inhuman invaders busy in staving the boats, and beheld them cutting the ropes, and other necessary tackle of the brig, and adopting every precaution to render her wholly useless and unservicable. Cruel as were the measures of the pirates, in regard to his property, as he looked upon his son, Cornish refused to admit the idea, that the existence of him, or his, was likely to be compromised by men of his "land's language:" and if he deplored the ruin and havoc they had effected, he but considered it as the prudence of wicked men, to prevent untimely discovery by those they had so largely injured. The work of destruction had already occupied several hours, and the noises gradually diminished, when the single centinel now placed over them, informed them that he was going aft, and threatened them with instant death, if any one of them should attempt to move; but that, on their remaining quiet, he would, in an hour's time, return and restore them to liberty. Eagerly and fondly did the unfortunate captives rely upon the faith of the ruffian's promise, and anxiously they marked the progress of time, which was to give them freedom, when a dull, low grating sound was heard, in the direction of the cabin: in agony and horror the wretched prisoners recognized the operation of scuttling the vessel. Not a word was uttered; but each held his breath, and gazed in the face of his comrade with despair. It ceased. No sound of human voice or step was further heard; and attentively they listened, in the hope of acquiring some indication of the presence of their enemies; but all was hushed, save at times the gurgling sound, as it seemed, of water entering the vessel. In their agony and desperation, they repeatedly and loudly cried for mercy, and for aid; but there was none to hear them. With a simultaneous and violent effort, they strove to force the hatches: again and again it was repeated, and in vain, until they sank exhausted by their fruitless exertions. The rolling of the water in the hold, and the noise of floating articles, now convinced them of the fatal truth, that the element was rapidly gaining upon them, and that their last home was nigh. The rushing sound had ceased, as the vessel filled; the

water gradually and silently rose towards their prison, and oozed from beneath their feet. A cry of horror burst from Cornish, as convulsively he seized his boy, and clasped him to his breast; and with one accord, the wretched men sunk upon their knees, and, in tears, recommended their souls to God, in that their hour of extremity and death!

It was on the 25th of September, in the same year, or about six weeks subsequently to the dreadful event, but now recorded, that a small and handsome brig lay in the bay of Smyrna, evidently prepared for an early departure. It was a vessel of admirable proportions, and well adapted for sailing; while the neat and orderly state of her rigging and tackle, would have done honour to a ship of war, and attested that it was worked by no ordinary crew. It was one of those delicious eastern nights, so often witnessed on the shores of Asia Minor; the moon shone in beauty, and all was calm and still around, save when the shrill cry of the patrol on shore, disturbed the silence of the evening. A man of middle height, of dark, but handsome features, such as often distinguish the natives of southern Italy, but with a sternness of expression approaching to ferocity, slowly paced the vessel's deck, with folded arms, wrapped in thought, and evidently insensible to the loveliness of the scene around him. Carelessly leaning over the gangway, intently regarding the calm surface of the water beneath, was a man many years younger than the other, of a singularly mild and cheerful countenance; while at the forecastle, the greater part of the crew were extended sleeping on the deck. Few of them had yet reached the middle age of life; they were all able-bodied seamen, and not many vessels in the merchant service could haply boast a finer and more skilful crew.

"Hark! what noise is that? Did you not hear it, Thompson?" exclaimed the captain, as he suddenly ceased his walk; and an expression of terror sat on his features, as he listened to the prolonged cry of the city guard.

"Nonsense," replied the other, without turning his gaze from the water; "you are as nervous as a girl, Captain Delano: I suppose we must soon forbear working the capstan, not to alarm you; and grease the tiller, lest its creaking shall affright you."

"What a lovely night," exclaimed Delano, abruptly, ashamed of the fear he had displayed; and what a land! were it but in the possession of Englishmen and Christians——"

"All Englishmen, are not Christians, however, Delano," said Thompson, raising himself from the gangway; "but were you lord and master of the country, I warrant me, there would be no custom-house officers, seizures, or exchequering allowed by your highness; ha!——"

"Why revive that story, Thompson? The hard-earned gains of fifteen years gone in a moment, for a few sorry handkerchiefs. Aye——" and his countenance fell, and a heavy sigh was uttered, as, violently striking his forehead with his clenched hand, he lowly muttered, "aye; and gains, I may say, honestly come by."

"Never mind, caro Signore Capitano, as the fellows say here,

you have had your revenge of the Liverpool sharks, if not directly, at least, by proxy."

"I—I—; why do you and the others always refer to me, as if none but I were engaged in it? when, if the truth be told, I was the least active."

"The least disposed to dare, I grant ye," answered Thompson; "but whose were the long-continued persuasions, and eternal suggestions, eh?—whose the chief share of what the goods sold for in Sardinia, and at Malta?—whose the oath by which we are bound to secrecy?"

"Well, well, Thompson, do not let us quarrel about it; you have no right to complain. We shall shortly be quit of the Mediterranean, and on our course for Haiti, or ready to join any country at war with Great Britain; and we have but anticipated the rights of war: besides, there—there," he exclaimed, with a forced and savage smile, as he pointed to the water; "there is our surety.—The language of the waves, if loud, is not intelligible; and until the sea gives up her dead——."

"Hush—hush, Delano—speak not so," said Thompson, shuddering; "they were our countrymen—known to us by name and person; they were on their way in peace and honesty; they offended, resisted not. There was, too, a child among them; and the eye of God alone looked on them as they sank; innocent and——."

"Coward!" exclaimed Delano, sneeringly, while the livid hue of his features bespoke fear, if not remorse.

"Coward! Would that occasion offered," said Thompson, warmly, "to cast away my life, but as a man to lose it. Coward! Who was it that held back, grew pale, and trembled, after having, by threat, promise, prayer, and persuasion provoked us into crime? Coward! Should ever that day arrive, that we be called upon to answer for that dark deed, we shall see who will first prove traitor to his fellows. And, my mind misgives me," he added, in a calmer tone, "and I fear that the hour is not far distant."

"Pho! Let us be but true to ourselves," said Delano, with a smile of contempt, "and we have nought to fear. If that drunken rascal Atkinson, do not blab, some day in his cups. Had not Walker been in the boat, on Sunday night, when we brought him from the shore, so beastly intoxicated, Webb and I would have done it."

"Done what?" demanded Thompson, falteringly.

"Why, as he is so fond of drinking, he should have had his fill. I should have sent him coral fishing down there. But—Look! what is that at the entrance of the bay!"

"As well as I can make out," observed the mate, after regarding attentively in the direction pointed out by Delano, "it is a brigantine, entering the harbour. A merchantman evidently: but, there, she has let go her anchor." Delano and Thompson remained some time longer in observation of the new comer, until midnight having struck, they retired.

On the succeeding morning, as the sun arose, the crew of the William were all on deck preparing for the labour of the day: while the captain and the mate were engaged, at the stern, examining,

through their glasses, the vessel which had been the object of their attention on the preceding night. "I know her well now," said the latter, as he laid down the telescope. "It is the brig *Frederick* of Malta, and a famous passage she must have made of it; for, when we left the island, she had not even the promise of a cargo."—"It is quick work with them, I must say," observed Delano, "for they have got a pontoon already laden, and the jolly-boat is out to pull it into the harbour."—"Aye! and clumsily enough they pull her, too," exclaimed Thompson, "such lubbers are not worth their grub."—"I shall hail them as they go by," said Delano, descending from the stern to speak the boat as it passed them, "and ask what cargo they have. Boat, a-hoy! what news from Malta?" he shouted, as the boat neared them, on its passage. "Hand a rope here, Webb, the captain is coming on board." But ere Webb could obey, the person he had hailed was on the deck, and Delano had already stretched out his hand to greet him, when the stranger sounded a shrill whistle, and at the same instant the tarpaulin that covered the lighter was cast off, and a troop of armed men leaped upon deck, while the stranger held a pistol to Delano's head, his followers secured the mate and the rest of the *William's* crew, and made them prisoners.

It was indeed a wonderful intervention of Providence that brought to light the diabolical crime of Charles Christopher Delano and his fellow-pirates, at a moment they felt not unreasonably assured that no earthly evidence of their guilt existed. For a lengthened period of years Delano had borne an unimpeachable character as a master in the merchant service, trading between Liverpool, Malta, and the Levant; and, by prudence and economy, had amassed a considerable sum of money; but, shortly previous to the period already referred to, having been detected in introducing some trifling articles of contraband for his private use into England, he was proceeded against in the Court of Exchequer, and only escaped the larger penalties attached to his offence by the sacrifice of his entire previous gains. His long-sustained good character excited the utmost commiseration, at his loss, in the minds of those who knew him; and one of the most respectable houses in Liverpool immediately engaged him on the voyage already described, upon the most advantageous terms; and he left the shores of England with a crew, who of themselves offered an assurance in their conduct of honesty and good faith. Thompson, the mate, was of a most respectable family; and indeed all the crew (with the exception of a black steward) were men possessing better means of information than is generally to be found in their station of life. The temper of Delano had been dreadfully influenced by his loss of property; its recollection embittered every hour of his life; the hatred of those, by whom he had been prosecuted, rankled at his heart; home and country became associated with the objects of his dislike, until, in his deep detestation of all and every thing English, he solemnly swore, whenever occasion should favour him, to wreak ample vengeance on the world. The liberty of his cabin, his table, and his liquors was freely accorded to his crew, who he treated as his companions; and they indulged in his liberality too frequently to excess, until their passions became aroused,—he ever calm, cool, and

collected, and stedfast to his infernal purpose, brought all his better intellectual powers to play on the weaker, but yet guiltless, men by whom he was surrounded. All his persuasions threatened to be fruitless, until, in an unhappy hour, Thompson (who was distinguished by great levity of character) yielded to his representations, and became an apostle of villany. Example was too strong for principle with the others, and one by one they became adherents to the diabolical intent of their captain. Ere they entered the Straits of Gibraltar, they were only averted from the spoil of a Dutch vessel, they met with, by her being destined for Smyrna, and Delano's fear of being recognized by some one on board of her; but, as day broke, on the 2d of August 1819, he found himself close to the Helen, and having ascertained her character and destination, he stood off during the day to combine with his crew on the mode of making her his prey, in which it has been shewn he so well and unhappily succeeded; but, it must be told, that cowardly as villainous, the chief instigator to the deed remained on board his own vessel until his associates had, on the succeeding morning, convinced him of their having securely accomplished his design. As night closed upon the Helen, after the piracy had been effected, remorse and sorrow seized most of the William's crew, and, for a season, they were dejected and penitent; but the author of the mischief was impenetrable to pity or regret, and, steering for the Island of Sardinia, he disposed of the greater portion of the spoil to Greek and Italian vessels for several thousand dollars, allotting an insignificant portion of the sale to his seamen; and thence steering for Malta, where he was well known and welcomed, rid himself of the rest of his capture, on the pretence of its being the property of a bankrupt in England, and then departed for Smyrna.

Two days after he had sailed, His Majesty's ship Spey, arrived from the coast of Spain, having taken on board at Alicant, Heath and Humphries, two of the Helen's seamen, who, in giving information of the piracy, thus detailed them, and their companions extraordinary rescue from a miserable death. All hope had abandoned the Helen's crew, as the water arose around them; but on throwing himself into a berth to await his last, Heath struck against a hard substance, before unobserved by him and others, which, on examination proved to be a hatchet. Again the efforts of the prisoners, to force the hatches were applied, and this time with success: when they all reached the deck, creeping on their hands and knees, and there beheld the devastation and ruin of their vessel; while they observed the pirate at about a leagues distance from them. In the momentary fear of the brig's sinking, they hastened to surround the long boat with tarpaulins, and to launch her; and just as the sun was set, finding their enemy had altered her course, and was again approaching them, they tremblingly sought doubtful safety in the frail and shattered boat, which they were obliged continually to bail with their hats, while such as could be spared, from thus keeping her afloat, rowed in darkness and danger, towards the Spanish shore. About one in the morning their strength began to fail them, and again they had given themselves up for lost, when

they were suddenly hailed from a vessel, and which they doubted not was that of their ruthless foes; but, as death seemed certain where they were, after a short consultation they answered the appeal; and, on reaching her found her to be a Greek brig which had left Alicant that day; the master of which, no sooner heard their tale, than, with a degree of humanity, rarely ascribed to his nation, he changed his course, and enabled those he had protected to reach that port on the succeeding day. There Captain Cornish and his crew separated; Heath and Humphries engaging themselves on board the *Spey*, and proceeding to Malta.

Their report was deemed so extraordinary, as at first to be scarcely credited; and, we believe the last person upon whom suspicion could attach, would have been Delano, had not the imprudent purchases of gold chains and other jewellery of value by the mate Thompson, and some of the crew, and other acts of extravagance been now brought forward to their prejudice. Further inquiry elucidated the facts of the sale of suspicious merchandize; and an officer of the royal navy, with part of the officers and men of the *Spey*, were put on board a hired brig and dispatched for Smyrna; where the *William* being instantly recognised by Heath, they lost not a moment in adopting the necessary measures for the capture of the pirates, and they were brought in their proper vessel, guarded and chained, to Malta to undergo their trial.

As Delano had been the instigator of the piracy, so in the partition of the spoil he sought to cheat his crew of their moderate share of the plunder by a pretended order on the Bank of England, which they rejected; and he now characteristically became the voluntary accuser of those he had seduced, in aggravating by invention their already sufficient guiltiness; and asserting his having been forced by threat and violence alone to participate in their crime. Treachery and falsehood, added to cowardice and villainy, failed of effect. He and his unhappy crew, with the exception of two necessarily admitted as evidence for the crown, were, after a lengthened, solemn, and impartial trial, before the governor of Malta CONDEMNED TO EXPIATE THEIR OFFENCE by a public and ignominious death.

Between two and three on the morning of the fourth of February, 1820, unable to sleep, I had seated myself in the elevated and open balcony of the house I resided in at Malta, enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The magnificent city of Valetta was silent, as if no living being rested within its walls; when, a low and strange sound arose from the distance, which gradually but slowly increased. It was wholly unlike all that I had ever heard before. The light of torches, yet far away; the sound as of iron striking on the lava pavement of the streets, and now and then clash of arms, yet further attracted my attention; but it was long before I could form a judgment as to the nature of what I observed, for the movement of the procession (for at length such it seemed) was slow and solemn, and it was close to me ere I could well distinguish of whom or what it was composed, for not a word was spoken in that melancholy march. By the red and flashing glare of the torches, I discerned a lengthened troop of armed soldiers closely lining each side of the

street as they moved onwards at a funeral pace, and within their lines (each one attended by two officers of military police) came the pirates, the clanking of whose fetters responded to each sad step they took. They were on their way to die! On the prior evening they had all taken the sacrament, with every sign of repentance for their crime; the full extent whereof, in so far as related to himself, had been confessed by the captain. He now led the way, the first in rank and guilt; and, as the torch light gleamed upon his dark Italian features, the change that had come over the once hardened and miserable man was fearfully apparent. His keen dark brilliant eye, as it was directed upwards, as if to ascertain how far it was yet from day to death had an expression of dull despair, such as I never yet had witnessed; his face was livid, and his steps were tottering; but I subsequently learned that it was more the fate of those whom he preceded to the scaffold than his proper suffering that had now so enervated him. The others, even to the youth Curtis, bore themselves like men: patient, sorrowing, and resigned, with little display of any touch of physical dread. As the morning broke, the walls of Valetta and the four cities on the opposite side of the harbour were crowded with myriads of human beings, who, in silence as intently gazed upon a small vessel, painted black, which lay in the centre of the harbour, and where preparations were going on for the consummation of the great penalty the law had decreed. Of the eight men condemned, six took their stations on the scaffolding beneath the main-yard of the William. Marshall (a man of excellent character, until seduced by Delano) and Curtis being doomed to witness the death of their comrades as the scaffolding fell, and they were launched into eternity. A reprieve, justified by the confessions of those who were now more, was communicated to them; and the almost delirious joy of the two spared wretches was little less affecting than the dreadful scene which they were there to view. The bodies of the four most hardened and guilty pirates, Delano, Thompson, Smith, and Lewis, yet hang in chains, on gibbets erected on the north west angle of Fort Ricasoli, at the entrance of the harbour of Malta; and it is to be hoped that the mercy of the Almighty has been extended to the souls of those miserable men, who while on earth had little mercy for others.*

* To account for the vessel not having sunk it is necessary to remark, that she became what seamen term water-logged, and although filled with water yet floated, probably from the absence of the cargo, and was actually cast a wreck upon the Spanish shore some days subsequently.

NATIONAL AND DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

THE present is the age of free inquiry ; it were well to make it one of improved action, and that the wisdom we are extracting from the experience of the past, be, as speedily as possible, applied to the necessities of the present.

In reviewing the history of man, we find him in every age, in every latitude, maintaining much the same character. This uniformity of effect has been produced by uniformity of cause. If we would abrogate the one, we must annul the other ; for while the cause is in operation the effect will follow, notwithstanding every countervailing check, or ingenious remedy with which the evil be subsequently met.

It is impossible not to smile at the pertinacity with which moralists, in all ages, have censured their cotemporaries, and applauded their predecessors ; attributing a fabulous virtue to these, and an exaggerated wickedness to those ; though, as their principle was the same, their practise could not be very dissimilar. The fact is, the moralist exerts his observation on the present, and employs his fancy on the past, without reflecting that all have been, more or less, transmitters of opinions, framed for their day—perhaps expedient at the time, but no more suited to a succeeding age, than the clothes of the child to the frame of the adult.

"How different," says Sallust, "are the manners of the present age, in which there is not a man to be found who vies with his ancestors in probity and virtue, but only in riches and extravagance."

Thus, from time to time, have writers gone on, finding out that the existing race, as George Colman modestly says of himself, have

"Much degenerated from their fathers."

Still, did not actual observation contradict these Jeremiahs, we might sit down in absolute despair. The truth is, we are *too* like our fathers, and so we shall continue as long as the causes that made them what they were, are in operation upon us.

Character, national and individual, has varied in degree, but little in kind. Men have always been, more or less, selfish and rapacious. The desire of happiness, almost co-equal with the desire of life, has been left undirected or been misdirected ; it has therefore centered, as it began, in self, and nations, instead of advancing, have prescribed circles, till the opinion has obtained, that there is an ultimate point, as in a clock, beyond which further advancement is impossible. But the deduction is as false as the analogy is untrue. Humanity, unlike any mechanism of its hands, never pauses ; individuals fall off, but the stream of life flows on—flows on enriching the collective stores of knowledge by successive tributes ; because it is the privilege of man to transfer and transmit the fruit of his experience ; and it is the nature of all that is really excellent to be imperishable. Therefore, the older the world grows the richer it becomes, and we

only require to learn how best to apply these immense resources to realize that which it is their purpose to furnish—happiness.

We have seen that wealth has not won, nor learning and science secured for us this advantage. All good is partially diffused and precariously held;—the rich live in dread of poverty, the powerful of overthrow, and the eminent of eclipse; no success is a warrant for security, and abundance is embittered by the neighbourhood of wants. Thus, even the most fortunate make no approaches to felicity; and what is the fate of those that fill the opposite ranks?—who are banished, like the wretched pariah, to the deserts of poverty, and the wastes of crime?

Was it not for the system that gives too much to some, there would be enough for all. Abundance, not superabundance, is necessary to happiness; the equalization that would forbid waste on one hand, and want on the other, is the only plan that can secure this universal blessing. There have not been wanting, in all ages, men who have seen and advocated these truths, and many also have been found to admire them; but few have gone farther. Even at the present day, when the ranks of rational inquirers are more numerous than ever—when the great moral truths that apply to the whole human family are more widely spread and admitted than at any former times—how do they operate upon practice? Men are as greedy, almost as exclusive as in times past. Liberality of opinion is the only moral advance we have made; this opinion, like the priest's blessing, is the only thing gratuitously bestowed, and is most partially acted on.

The only means for removing this old-established disease, selfishness—for producing practical as well as theoretical liberality, is to be sought in education, which will modify and remodel character.

All that have the care of young humanity agree in declaring it to be a mass of passions, more or less violent; that it is ever seeking its own gratification, and often by means of an instinctive cunning that is almost wonderful. All this, which is, I suppose, what is meant by "original sin," and the "deceitfulness of the human heart," I regard as the effects of ignorance—of strong principles blindly developing themselves—as a natural desire of happiness, with an utter ignorance of the means by which it is attainable. From birth to death this unextinguishable desire of happiness attends us, and for want of moral knowledge, the child, and the equally misinformed adult, seeks it in individual appropriation. On this plan, education and institutions have been formed. Whatever the object, selfishness is the pivot on which the actor moves. The individual is invited to good, and warned against evil, principally because they must re-act pleasurably or painfully on himself; thus the little isolated machine feels no common sympathy with his kind, and when disposed to try experiments for enlarging the sphere of his enjoyments, is undeterred by any apprehension of diminishing that of others. The tyrant of twelvemonths old, and he of half a century, differ nothing in essentials; both are equally intent on one aim, equally ignorant of the best means. Thus has grown the great capitalist, who, without compunction, grinds wealth out of the torture of humanity, till the great wheel of selfishness, enlarging in size and scope as it revolves, draws in and crushes even

infant beings, and the story of the cannibal giant, whose table was furnished by babes, ceases to be a fable, and with this additional horror, that the parents of the little victims are the servitors.

How unfair it would be deemed if money did not produce to every holder its due value; what an outcry would be raised if one might receive but one penny, where another received twelve pence for his shilling. Is it more fair that the real wealth of the world—*mind*, should want this protecting standard. We watch representative value—inform ourselves eagerly on the subjects of capital and currency; but of young humanity, every mind of which may be instinct with the power of good to existing and succeeding millions, little or no account is taken. The best wealth of a country is its youth; the true mint, a general system of education, by which every individual may receive the impress of superior character, and carry into society a moral currency of superior value.

How wonderful then it is that education has hitherto been promoted only in the most desultory manner. Accidental, not determinate, instruction is the lot of most. Moral education is almost universally the growth of example, little guarded, and quite indifferent to the important point of presenting a fit model for imitation; while mental education still remains a business of theory rather than practice, and, as if we proffered going forward by the labour of the oar, rather than the impulse of the wind, we substitute hope, fear, and emulation, as stimulants or rather *goads*, thus superseding the natural effects of the allurements of knowledge, the sympathy of studious association, and the grand principle of the universal happiness and exaltation of humanity. We corrupt the spring, and wonder its streams are infected; we injure the sapling, and complain that the tree does not flourish. Bribery and coercion have hitherto been the grand instruments of all governments; by means of these, armies have been formed, and discipline has trained men to slavery and slaughter. —Sectarians have congregated their thousands that have been devoted to prayer here, and have believed in eternal torments hereafter. It is thus made evident what determinate purpose and unity of action, even in violation, of nature can effect. Is there then a doubt as to what wisdom and perseverance, acting in accordance with nature, may produce?

The children of the present age will be the legislators, political and domestic, of the next. On the characters given to the now tenants of cradles, will depend the public and private happiness of succeeding years—nor will these children fail to re-act on the existing adults, who ere they pass from this scene must taste of happiness or misery through the rising generation.

How important a consideration then is education! how paramount of all others! of what universal interest! In all matters of great moment, it has hitherto been customary to leave women out of the question, as if they were as rarely to be met in the works of God, as of Jeremy Bentham. I mean to depart from this venerable rule, denotive, like many others, of the wisdom of our forefathers, and call to the great question of education, *WOMEN*, as those that ought to have the first voice in it.

In the bloodless crusade now going forward against arbitrary power and prejudiced ignorance, woman, without any violation of her feminine character, which I always wish her to preserve, may take the field. Destructiveness, that once raised man to a hero, now debases him to a demon. The wreath of glory is at present properly adjudged to those that best promote and increase human felicity, and to the honours of that wreath who shall prefer prouder or fairer claims than woman? But does she know what her supineness has done for her? The reformers and philanthropists, and they now form large bodies, think there is no hope for humanity but in a system of national education, in obedience to which the infant, when a few months old, is to be taken entirely from the mother! where her character is such as to make this a matter of necessity—I hear the proposal with the burning cheek of shame—where her character is such as *not* to render it necessary, I listen to the proposal as sacrilege!

I heard, the other day, one of our most enlightened men—one of the few advocates of Christian *morality*, observe—that if all mothers did their duty, the whole aspect of society would be changed; but that mothers treated their children either with neglect, or perverted them by indulgence; that some did both, consigning them during the day to domestics, and having the little creatures introduced, with the sweets, after dinner, to be flattered, and the means of flattery to their parents. Mothers of England is this true, or is it not? If it be true, will you not reform such a crime? if it be not true, will you not repel such a charge? Let the words NATIONAL EDUCATION, as applied to *infants*, be the tocsin—let it ring an alarm that will wake even luxurious indolence, and drown the jingling bells of mountebank fashion!

The benevolent aim of my friend, and the advocates of national education, is an improved national character. But let me ask, if this may not be accomplished without a cruel violation of the tenderest of nature's ties? without breaking up the great palladium of human happiness and virtue—HOME—tearing from it the bright forms of infancy, and leaving its echoes mute of their young voices!

The rage for equalizing has reached even unto the household hearth. Proscription against exclusiveness would attempt to fractionize the most indivisible affections. Mr. Owen's principle of common property is, as he holds it, an impossibility—it is incapable of general application, and as a general principle is a false one. Finite beings must have definite aims; people, to be practical, must have a peculiar sphere of action, and particular associates. The principle of love is, in the Creator and creature, the same in essence, but very different in its power and power of application. God may love all because he can serve all, his means are infinite and universal: our love must be in a great degree exclusive, because our means are confined. If we beat out the grain into leaf-gold, what better purpose shall it serve than to gild a theory?

Heaven preserve me, and I say this with no allusion to Mr. Owen, who is one of the most estimable of men, but Heaven, I say, preserve me from those universal views for the benefit of *all*, that interfere with the individual views that may benefit even *one*: keep me from

the vast aims that extend to *future* generations, and lead to oversight of the *present* wants of *existing* worth. A fine theory is like a fine temple, admired and worthy to be admired; but it must be supported on the pillars of practicability, and be applied to the purposes of actual usefulness. Give me the working moralist, that is exemplary in the domestic and social relations of life, who can in these love intensely and forbear generously, and I have some warrant that he can apply these principles universally; but the mere speculative moralist, though he preaches the most beautiful of theories, is only like a babbling stream that leaves its own banks and channels dry, for the glory of contributing its petty waters to the vast ocean.

Mr. Owen is himself an example of the futility of his diffusive principle. Had he realized in the persons of one hundred children his educational and co-operative theory, would he not, by giving tangible evidence of its worth, have served his system, and it be a good one, the world, infinitely more than by aiming, as he has done, at the regeneration of the whole social system at once. Like the boy with the filberts, he has grasped at too much, the consequence is, his system sticks by the way, like the boy's hand in the neck of the jar, which is vainly full of nuts, and unless he will condescend to take only a few, and crack them one by one, will he never come at the kernels.

The homes of England are the altars of English virtue; may their fires never be extinguished! May they ever be guarded by a ministering priestess and priest, in the sacred characters of wife and husband—mother and father. I would have the chain of sympathy connect these homes one with another; I would have domestic love radiate into universal love; so that whenever a human being, no matter from what clime or quarter of the globe, appeared, he should find a warm welcome at the household hearth. But away with the parallelogram marts of confusion, in which parents are not to recognize their children, or children their parents. Let national education throw open well-regulated colleges to the youth of both sexes, to which their parents, when such is their pleasure, may have access to hear lectures, &c. &c. But let infancy and childhood be left to those to whom God has given them. I can imagine the Creator looking down on no creature as he does on the intelligent benignant mother; if He has on earth a *true* delegate, it is *herself*. If it were practicable, which it is not, to make mothers resign this delegation, let them resist such an attempt; but let them fit themselves to fulfil the office they will refuse to surrender. I think with Pestalozzi that every mother, having the *will*, can educate her *young* children better than others can for her.

But however much in early education may depend on the mother, not little is the influence of a father in forming the character of his children. Therefore those who, when censure is to be distributed, assign so liberal an allotment to mothers, need to be reminded that there is a paternal as well as maternal agency in every household; and if female management sometimes need amendment, so often does male conduct require reform. Mr. Owen's principle of co-operation cannot be better brought into action than in the marriage compact,

there ought to be nothing competitive between those so allied. The circumstances of home are to be taken into the account of education, which must be the joint work of both parents, though pre-eminently the mother's; the father must assist or he will counteract, there can be nothing negative from one so proximate. Hence an additional motive is presented to preserve the institution of domestic education; it is not only essential to filial love, an indemnity, parents, particularly mothers, dearly purchase, but it is a perpetual inducement to improvement in the parents themselves. Thus beautifully do the domestic relations act and re-act on each other, and a virtuous home becomes the *depot* of principles and feelings consistent with and conservative of the most important and universal interests.

A SPECIMEN OF THE BLACK ART!

THE lieutenant was welcomed home with great joy by his relations and friends. He had been some years in the West Indies, and the neighbours of Castleward were delighted to listen to his long stories of Trinidad, of battles with sharks and alligators, and in return he sipped their claret, shot over their estates, and amused himself as comfortably as a gentleman on a long leave of absence could desire. The lieutenant's sister had been married to a Mr. Washington, who from his name was supposed to be a blood relation to the celebrated General Washington; and as this distinguished individual had no children, all the old women and wiseacres of Ballyraggett, Ballyspallen, and Ballynakill, made up their minds that his excellency, when dying, would leave a good legacy in America to his blood relation, Mr. George Washington, of Dureen, in Ireland. The house of his brother-in-law was a comfortable home for Lieutenant Palmer, so he had taken up his residence there for many months, bag and baggage.

Nothing could exceed the delight of Mr. Washington when it was announced to him that his beloved wife was taken ill and was in excessive torture. The entire household, including some relations and friends, were just seated at a comfortable and plentiful dinner. The first slices off the round or turkey were cut and tasted, when Mrs. Gregory, the lady's doctor, entered the apartment to announce the happy arrival of as fine a boy as could be, and that Mrs. Washington was as well, or indeed even better than could be expected under the circumstances. A general cheer from the whole company followed, and bumpers of hot punch were drunk with enthusiasm to the health of the young General Washington. Mrs. Gregory turned fidgetty; and at length beckoned old Mrs. Palmer to the window with a mysterious air and whispered something in her ear, on hearing which the old lady fell flat on the floor as if dead. The old dames hobbled off to her assistance, and Mrs. Gregory affected to feel strongly herself,

ejaculating loud enough to be heard, and with that emphasis which people use when they wish to persuade us they are praying in downright earnest,

"God's will be done!"

"What about?" said the lieutenant, bristling up; "I suppose my mother has taken a drop too much; its not the first time; dont be alarmed, my friends, she'll soon come round again, never fear."

"God's will be done!" again exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "What's the matter," grumbled the men; "what can it be," squalled the women.

"There cannot be a finer or stronger little boy in the varsal world," said Mrs. G., "but Lord bless us!" continued she, "its not so—so *white* as it should be!"

"Not white!" exclaimed every one of the company in a breath.

"God's will be done!" again ejaculated the resigned Mistress Gregory; "but as sure as you live the child is as black as his father; and sure that's none other but Beelzebub himself." A deep groan escaped from the breast of Mr. Washington.

"Blood and ouns!" said the lieutenant.

Sufficient could now be gathered to demonstrate that young Master had not one single white spot on his whole body, and that some frizzled hair was already beginning to show itself on its little pate; but that no nurse could be found to give him a drop of nourishment, even if he were famishing, all the women verily believing, that as Mrs. Washington was herself an unexceptionable woman, it must be a son of the devil by a dream, and nothing else than an imp; never was there such a buzz and hubbub in any neighbourhood as now took place here. Mrs. W. and the lieutenant were by no means at ease on the subject of this freak of nature. Palmer was of course in high blood for the honour of his sister, and Mr. Washington cock-a-whoop for the character of his wife. The father and uncle at last decided calmly and deliberately to lay the whole before a consultation of doctors, to know if it was not a regular imagination mark. All the doctors in the neighbourhood were called in to the consultation. Old Butler, the farrier, came with all haste to Dureen, and begged leave to give his opinion and offer his services, wishing to see Master Washington before the doctors arrived, as he had a scent for turning anyskin however brown, as white as milk. On seeing the young gentleman, however, he declared that he was too black *intirely* for his medicine. Dr. Bathron, who had the lead, declared with great gravity, that from what he had read, he could take upon himself to assert, that the child was decidedly a *casus omissus*; the others, not exactly comprehending the nature of a *casus omissus*, thought it best to accede, all subscribed to the opinion that the child was a *casus omissus*.

Dr. Bathron, however, was determined on this case to found his fame. By diligently searching old book-stalls in Dublin, whither he went for the purpose, he found an ancient treatise, translated from the works of the High German Doctor, Cratorious, (who flourished in the fourteenth century,) on skinning certain parts of the body to change the colour, and effectually to disguise criminals who had escaped from prison. He, therefore, decided, that if this could be

done partially, why not on the entire body by a little and little, and not skinning one part till another should be healed. He, therefore, stated to the good family at Dureen, that he would take upon himself to whiten the child, as he was perfectly satisfied the black was merely the outside or scarf skin, and that the under skin was the same as any other. The mode of operating was now the subject of difficulty, and it was agreed to call in Mr. Knaggs, the surgeon of Mountmelick. The state of surgery in Ireland suggested but two ways of performing this notable operation; one purely surgical, the other surgomedical, viz., either by flaying with the knife, or by blistering. Most people inclined to the blister; but the doctors conceiving that a blister might not rise regularly, and would in that case leave the child piebald, determined as a first experiment to try both. Accordingly, a strong blister two inches by three, was placed on the child's right arm, and being properly covered, remained there for above an hour without inflicting any torture; the left arm was reserved for the scalpel and forceps, and the operator entertained no doubt whatever of complete success. The mode he pursued was very scientific. He made two parallel slashes as deep as he could, in reason, down the upper part of the arm, and a cross one to introduce the forceps and strip the loose black skin off, where he could snip it away at the bottom and leave the white to show the proper colour for a god-child of General Washington. All eyes were now rivetted to the spot.

"Hush! Hush! my dear," said the doctor to Master George, who roared like a town bull; "You dont know what is good for you, my little innocent," while he applied the forceps to strip off the skin like a surtout. The skin, however, was tight, nor was there any appearance of white beneath, though a sufficiency of the vital fluid manifested itself. The doctor was greatly surprised.

"O I see," said he, "it is somewhat deeper than we conceived." Another gash was effected on each side, but the second had no better effect than the first. Doctor Bathron seemed desperate; but conceiving in so young a child, a cut or two more or less could make no difference, though his hand trembled for his fame, he gave the scalpel its full force. The experiment was now complete; he opened the wound, and starting back apparently struck with horror, threw down his knife, and swore the child was in fact an imp of the devil, for he could see black to the bone, and the bone black also! He appeared distracted; however, the child's arm was bound up, a good poultice put over it, the blister hastily removed from the other arm, and the young gentleman (fortunately for Mr. Bathron,) recovered from the scarification, and lived with an old dry nurse for four or five years. He was there killed by a cow of his father's horning him, and died with the full reputation of being a devil incarnate.

Lieutenant Palmer shortly after returned to the West Indies, taking with him his favourite and faithful black servant, who had accompanied him from Trinidad. The poor fellow was a great favourite with his master, and indeed with most of the family.

A WORD OR TWO TOUCHING EVERY MAN'S MASTER.

No man is independent of his stomach: on its healthful action depend health and life; its regulation by diet must therefore be a matter of paramount interest. The subject of dietetics has engaged a fair share of medical attention, since the days of Hippocrates down to our own times, but seems still involved in considerable obscurity. The writings of Hippocrates, Aretæus, Celsus, Cœlius, Aurelianus, Alexander of Tralles, &c. show the importance, that the first recorders of medicine attached to them, perhaps the poverty of their *Materia Medica*, carried them too far; be that as it may, the instability of medicine as a science, and its ever varying doctrines, must impede its advances to the nature of an exact science. The doctrines of some modern writers, that man is omnivorous, would appear altogether to supersede the necessity of dietetical rules. It is true, all articles, animal as well as vegetable, have at times been converted into nutritious chyme for the support of man, particularly in the savage state; where Nature, ever on her guard for the preservation of the species, kindly consents to the performance of offices which, in a more civilized state, she would refuse. But dietetical rules have reference to civilized life, where not only the necessaries but many of the luxuries of life abound. If we look at the ponderous volumes which have been written on this subject, and consider the talents which have from time to time been brought to bear it out, we must admit a seeming if not a real concern for the public health. But a close examination of these volumes will show that they have few claims to what their title pages profess, "Rules for the Preservation of Health, Popular Medicine, Medical Dieteticks." The information which they contain is so overlaid with professional verbiage, and discussions on subjects unfitted for the general reader, that it is almost impossible to unravel it; and when disentangled of this useless lore, but ill repays the labour of investigation. To enter on the anatomy and physiology of the organs concerned in the digestion of food, from its first introduction into the stomach, to the formation of blood, appears to us, in works of this kind, an unnecessary demand upon the reader's patience. Convinced by the strongest argument—self-experience, that the food which he takes into his stomach, is, by a process unknown to him, converted into a fluid called blood, and which he believes supports and stimulates the several organs of his body, his great object is, not to learn the process of digestion, or the anatomical position of parts, but the best means of maintaining the permanent healthy action of his vital organs; these books profess to teach that, but with what success the world is already convinced. Medical dietetics, we should suppose, may be fairly treated in a small pamphlet, but modern authors swell their pages into thick octavos, confirming the popular adage *ΜΕΓΑ ΒΙΒΛΙΟΝ*. Nothing so much tends to increase the scepticism of the public with regard to the powers of physic, either medicinal or dietetic, as the contradictory opinions advanced by its members—some advocating a return to the plain simple regimen of our

ancestors, and supporting their arguments by the longevity of that day, whilst others alledge a mixed diet not only necessary but indispensable, to the changes which civilization has effected in our animal nature: probably the mistake with both arises from the great attention that is paid to quality, to the neglect of quantity.

We shall not stop to consider whether man be carnivorous, graminivorous, or omnivorous, for a return to the simple regimen of primeval life is now not only impracticable but impolitic. The cultivation of society has not only altered the moral and physical nature of man, but has extended its influence to the vegetable kingdom. There is scarcely a vegetable now used as an article of diet found in a state of nature: wheat, Buffon states, is not a natural product, but the result of improved cultivation; so it is with all our culinary vegetables. The advocates of the vegetable doctrines, whose arguments are founded on their effects when in a state of nature, should first reduce vegetables to their original nature, and then, by abstaining as well from all animal diet, as well as vegetables, the result of cultivation, bring back the original nature of man: this is so absurd, and so utterly impossible, that we shall not pursue the subject further.

We now come to the men of the *mixed regime*. The doctrine of a mixed diet seems more consonant to the present condition of man, yet the limitation which the chemico-physicians assign them appears rather confined. Whether chemistry can ever be made available to the process of digestion is a question of great import. Man, formerly, when chemistry was little known, lived as long, nay, longer than they do now, with all its improvements; and the fanciful speculations of these men shall, like many other theories, pass to the tomb of the Capulets.

It is curious to look back on the various opinions which, from the earliest ages, have been held on the subject of digestion. The old philosophers supposed that the food became putrified in the stomach. Hippocrates advocated the theory of coction. Galen explained digestion by the retentive, attractive, and concoctive faculties of the stomach: this doctrine was overturned by the fermenting chemists, who said that the food was macerated and dissolved by a certain fermentation in the stomach. The theory of trituration soon succeeded this. Boerhave's theory rested on a combination of those which existed before his time. Haller considered digestion as a maceration. Spallanzani and Reamur maintained that the gastric juice was the chief agent in digestion, and the "stomach," as Hunter says, "was by some considered as a mill, by others as a fermenting vat; others again, that it is a stew-pan; but in my opinion it is neither a mill or fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach."* The various experiments which have been made regarding the effect of animal and vegetable diet, have given an air of plausibility to the speculations of some men, but the accuracy of their conclusions cannot be admitted solely on the ground of analogy; facts, not theories, are what must command our assent. The chemical physician,

* Manuscript note from Hunter's Lectures.

seated in his laboratory, surrounded with his retorts and alembicks, may very correctly ascertain the proximate and ultimate principles of animal and vegetable matter ; but when he comes to apply the knowledge thus acquired to the business of life, how vain are all his speculations, and how limited his knowledge of digestion, or what is or is not really digestible or nutritious. The inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands, who live on fish, the supply of which is always precarious ; the Esquimaux, who feast on blubber, and the Kamtschadales, who feed on fish oil, mixed up with the powdered bark of trees, to render it more digestible, are all strong and robust, though living upon what the dietetists pronounce indigestible and innutritious. Whilst the Creek Indian, when entering upon a journey where the supply of provisions is doubtful, fills his stomach with an indigestible clay,[†] which, by the stimulus of distension alone, enables him to bear the fatigues of his journey. Every work upon dietetics, from Fordyce down to the latest and most popular one—Dr. Paris, has run through the animal and vegetable kingdom with the strictest chemical inquiry, but all to little purpose. The chemical examination of diet, abstractedly considered, is of little importance ; the relative condition of the digestive organs must always be considered in fixing a scale of dietetics.

Much of our knowledge in medicine and dietetics, like that in every other art, proceeds on assumption that nature is always steady, and that what was productive of certain effects in our constitution, will be equally so in another ; but this applies less to the human body than any other subject in nature to which art can be applied. The laws of inorganic matter admit of the most correct inferences, whilst the action and reaction of the various faculties of life increase the difficulty and uncertainty of experiment and observation. Constitutions are endowed with an endless variety of faculties, which must ever render the result of medicine and dietetics, in their general application, uncertain. Unless diversity of constitution be duly attended to in the consideration of medical inquiries, we must often expose ourselves to error, like those who made the contradictory report of the chamelion. There is an observation made by Dr. Henderson, on agricultural tracts, which is applicable to many of the works on medical dietetics. "The inutility of publications on agriculture has chiefly been owing to the authors not specifying clearly the nature of the soil to which the practice recommended applies." The difficulties of ascertaining the extent to which the operations of nature are limited in the restoration of health is another fruitful source of error : such is the impossibility of establishing where nature ends, and art begins.

It is wonderful to think how readily we yield up our judgment and reflection on matters which so intimately concern us, and upon which experience and observation can alone furnish any grounds for knowledge, to men, who, big with their own speculations, and full of fine-drawn theories, exclude from their list of dietetics all articles of diet which do not agree with their chemical tests ; thus rendering a pre-

[†] Humboldt's Travels.

vious knowledge of chemistry necessary to the process of nutrition which is too absurd to need refutation.

All books written expressly for the public, and professing to convey useful information, should, as much as possible, be free from professional technicality; for no explanation, however simple, can carry conviction to minds not previously prepared for the comprehension of such subjects, by an elementary education. Convinced of this, which does not require much reflection, the reader takes up—with that good faith which is indispensable between patient and physician, and without which the most effectual remedies often fail—a work on dietetics, the result perhaps of years of close study and observation, calculating that, if it were possible to arrive at a correct conclusion, the man who has devoted the energies of his mind and body for years to it, is the most likely person to effect it. In this he is right, but when he comes to the application of this reasoning, and reads the long preliminary dissertations which the man of medicine, with all the gravity, and not a little of the cant of the profession, assures his gentle reader is necessary to comprehend dietetical regimen in all its bearings, his faith begins to fail him, and the book is thrown down in disgust. Too often the physician endures the imputation of an advertising quack; not content with giving the result of his experiments and observations, he thinks it also necessary to state the several processes of his investigation with the anatomical and physiological history of the parts concerned. Perhaps the variety of professional erudition is not a little prominent, and the “*scire tuum nihil est, nisi se scire hoc sciat alter*,” is here applicable. To professional men, it may be satisfactory to explain the processes of physiological experiments, but to the unmedical man it possesses no interest; he reads the book with the same implicit confidence that he takes his physician's prescription, content to wait its operation without inquiring the *modus operandi*. After wading through a mass of unintelligible matter, to his great astonishment, like the man in Moliere, who, without knowing it, was speaking prose for forty years of his life, he finds, that notwithstanding the vigour of his body and firmness of his muscle, he has been living for thirty or forty years of his life upon what the dietetical physicians have condemned as innutritious and unwholesome. Now, men who profess new doctrines, and expect a fair share of public confidence, should be men, not only of great public veracity, but men capable, in every respect, of investigating the operations of nature with the eye of a philosopher, and the zeal of a philanthropist; and if we consider how few of the book-making men of the present day can be ranked in this class, we should receive, with considerable latitude, their bold and sweeping anathemas.

Every article of diet, solid or fluid, derived from the animal, vegetable, or inorganic world, has been tortured in the crucible of the chemist, who, like the philosopher eliciting sunbeams from cowslips, establishes their claim to precedence on his list of nutritious articles, in proportion as they correspond to his chemical notions. It does not require much argument to show that dietetics, based on such principles, must ever be a fruitful source of disappointment to the physician, and disease to the patient. To establish dietetics on prin-

ciples which may command general assent, man, or animals of a lower order, should be restricted to a fixed diet for a certain time, noting the several changes or effects which may from time to time occur, and supposing all the organs in a state of health, and digestion undisturbed, the effect in this case may be taken as a standard of its effects in similar cases; but the difficulty of carrying such a plan into effect, not only in private but in public establishments, where all things are under medical authority, must for ever prevent our arriving at a satisfactory conclusion on this point. From the homogenous nature of the blood, resulting from the digestion, either of animal, vegetable, or mixed diet, it may appear a matter of small moment to which we give the preference; and probably where the exhaustion of physical power is not great, it does not matter much, but experience proves that a diet composed of animal and vegetable matter supports the physical energies better than one purely vegetable. To the philosopher busied in the investigation of causes, this may afford matter of speculation—to the unmedical man, none. The digestive organs of man being composed of similar textures, tissues, and fibres, the result of their operation, where nature is not disturbed in her functions by disease or habit, may be taken as the standard of healthy organic action, always making due allowance for the differences of physical conformation. The necessity of dietetics implies a state of disease for which other remedies than mere diet are required, and without which it can rarely be removed. Their great utility consist in this, that they support the organic action of parts, whilst under the influence of more powerful medicinal agents. To those who have paid every attention to the subject of dietetics, experience is sufficient to prove the utter impossibility of establishing, on abstract principles, the nutritive qualities of any matter, either vegetable or animal; and if we consider the mystery in which digestion is still involved, notwithstanding the great advances that have been made in the study of animal and vegetable chemistry, we shall be disposed to pay more attention to nature, and less to books.

Were we to estimate the digestive powers of the healthy stomach, by its power in some birds which are able to digest iron, we should suppose that there was no animal or vegetable substance which it could not digest. But the human stomach is rarely found in such a state of health; the simplicity of nature is so much altered, and the tendency to acquired and congenital disease so much increased, that the plainest diet can rarely be digested without the aid of condiments of some kind. These condiments are all stimulants, and if disease exist, as it generally does, they ultimately aggravate the disease, though productive of temporary relief. There is one disease for which dietetics have been generally prescribed, a disease to be met with in every walk, whether we turn to the cottage of the peasant or the palace of the peer—dyspepsia, but arising from different causes. The gay votary of fashion, whose life is but one scene of uninterrupted dissipation, finding the animal passions of the man, and the physical energies of his frame sinking *pari passu*, with his indulgence, endeavours to recruit his strength by increasing appeals to the digestive powers of his stomach, and the most nutritious articles

are condensed into the smallest possible space; but to what effect? we need but look at their adust and haggard countenances for an answer. The stomach thus overloaded, leaves much of its contents undigested, which cannot fail to act as a foreign body, unless we consider man capable, like the graminivorous animals, of directing the digestive powers of his stomach on his undigested cud. A diet of animal matter thus condensed, contains too great a quantity of stimulus in too small a compass, and, as a permanent stimulant, must wear out the springs of life much sooner than a diet containing less nourishment in a larger bulk. Much of what we take into the stomach affords no nourishment, and is only useful by the stimulus of distension which its bulk produces. The stasis of undigested food in the stomach becomes sensible by a sense of weight at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, and eructations, &c. &c.; the energies of the stomach are now solicited by the *gentle means of tonic remedies*, which generally consist of a pure alcohol, and a vegetable bitter; these tonics, from a constant repetition, are in themselves a fruitful source of disease. To dwell further on this class, is as unnecessary as it is useless to attempt a cure without a return to a regular life and plain living. In the statesman, the merchant, the mechanic, the artizan, we find it, in every stage and form, its proximate cause the same, though its remote cause very different. The ambition of the statesman, the anxiety, nay, the avarice, of the merchant, the disappointment of the mechanic, and the poverty of the artizan, so engross the attention of the waking and sleeping man, as to leave no moment of relaxation for the digestive powers to make up for the wear and tear incident to the different callings and pursuits. In the statesman and merchant, the brain perpetually on the rack, has all the energies of life directed on it to support the mind, to the total suspension of digestion, whilst with the mechanic and artizan, the physical exhaustion of their several callings suspends digestion, and converts the best diet into a poison,—thus arriving at the same goal, though by different routes. To the late Mr. Abernethy, the profession and the public are much indebted, for the bold, clear, and energetic manner in which he pointed out the stomach, as the *point de depart* of the majority of those ills to which flesh is heir.

It may now be asked, what system we propose to substitute for those which have come under our displeasure? We candidly confess we have none—if the word System mean, as it generally does in books on dietetics, a vast deal of professional learning. Years of experience and close observation have proved to us the futility of every attempt to establish dietetical rules which shall apply to all cases. The appetites, the desires, and the passions of men, are as different as their physiognomies, and each is endowed with different aptitudes, either for mental or physical exertions. Customs and habits which have been growing for years, cannot with impunity be changed in a moment. “*Sua cuique constat temporis, et mutatio periculosa est.*”* A sudden transition from a diet to which, from infancy, we have been accustomed, to one of a different kind, will

* Abinus de ortu et progressu medicinæ.

paralyse the power of the most healthy stomach, as effectually, if we indulge to the same extent, as the change from joy to grief; and few of us are so supremely happy as not to have experienced this in our own persons. So capricious is nature, that we have seen the young, the old, the weakly, and the robust, feast one day upon that which the next they would loathe; and cheese, the horror of dietetists, we have seen relished at a time when the lightest animal or vegetable matter could not be endured. We have before us the case of an old man, seventy years of age, who, for the last three or four years of his life, could take no other supper than cheese, and of which he never eat less than a quarter of a pound, and heard him repeatedly declare that it was the only meal which he found light and easy of digestion. He always slept well, and woke with an appetite. This is a fact deserving consideration.

To propose dietetical regimen for people already in the enjoyment of high health, would be absurd; it would be to render art superior to nature. In those occasional aberrations from a regular mode of life, to which all men are more or less at times exposed, art may, and doubtless does, effect important changes. But to suppose her operations paramount, would be a doctrine too absurd even for Paracelsus to maintain.

If people would but reflect a little on the laws which regulate the organic world—that every body has its period of growth, maturity, and decay; and in proportion as we approach the last stage, the energies of life diminish beyond the power of human ingenuity to renovate—they would act with more prudence by regulating their diet, not on dietetic principles, which have reference to positive disease, but on principles which have reference to one or other of those climacterick periods. The climax of maturity being passed, nature, as if conscious of having performed her work, now waits as a passive, but not an indifferent spectator, the ruin of that noble edifice which she has constructed; and as if unwilling that it should crumble into premature decay, by fits and starts resumes her restorative power, as is often manifest in the temporary convalescences; until at length exhausted, or indifferent to further efforts, she waits, like the Roman senators in the capitol, the approach of that awful moment which opens to her the mysteries of another world.

Nothing shews the vanity, or rather the folly of man so clearly as his wish to ascribe to other than the real causes, those deep and lasting impressions which the heavy hand of time impresses on us; deluding ourselves into the belief that every change of health arises from some aberration in diet, forgetting the influence of increasing years, and subscribe to the doctrines of the modern dietetists, who, promising to their followers eternal life, exhibit, like Paracelsus, in their own persons the sad exception to their visionary schemes. To people in health, dietetics are unnecessary; the mode of living which established health is the most likely to maintain it. To all with whom positive disease does not exist, or where the taste and appetite are not vitiated, we would say consult your feelings. The ease with which a favourite meal is digested is familiar to all. Where disease does not exist, but were there is some deviation from ordinary health,

a cure is effected by reducing the quantity of food, and regulating the bowels. But it may be asked are there no other remedies besides this negative class? We might enumerate a long list, but shall content ourselves by saying with Le Sage, "Je sais qu'il y a des bons remedis, mais je ne sais si'l y a des bons medecins."

THE FREE CHASSEURS OF POLAND.

At the first signal given by the brave spirit of Poland for their gallant struggle, Julius Malachowski's proud heart beat high with joy, and instantly responded to the cry. Living at the time in the town of Konskia, the residence of this truly illustrious family, he immediately organised the national guard. Then recurring to his favourite tastes, he conceived the idea of forming two battalions, which he named the corps of *Free Chasseurs*. They were composed of the best shots in the country, and were organised and equipped at his own expense. These two battalions soon became the terror of the Muscovites. Woe to the corps who passed within the range of these riflemen, whose aim was as prompt as deadly. At each nightly bivouac, more than one Russian officer was unable to answer to the roll call, for these men were never known to miss those whom they had singled out. This adventurous kind of war was what Malachowski preferred; his romantic heart panted for nocturnal surprisals, sudden attacks, combats in which valour supplied the place of numbers. As proud as intrepid, he could ill brook the regular warfare in which discipline neutralizes individual daring. He loved and courted danger as an enthusiast. Thus, the few exploits that distinguished his short career, are strongly marked by his extraordinary character.

The first took place at Pulawy. It was at the moment that the Russian General Kreutz had just crossed the Vistula, and made an eruption into the Palatinates on the left bank, in the environs of Kozienic. In order to arrest the progress of the enemy, General Dwermicki, who was marching from Worki upon Pulawy, ordered Colonel Lagowski, of the second cavalry, to prepare an expedition against Pulawy, where there was a regiment of Russian dragoons. Well informed as to the enemies position, Lagowski selected one hundred horsemen, under the command of Major Weilhorki, and one hundred of the free chasseurs, led by Julius Malachowski, and on the 26th of February, at ten in the morning, he divided this force from the village of Lagora upon Pulawy. By eleven o'clock they were already on the banks of the Vistula, opposite to Wlossoloice, near the residence of the "*Garde forestier*." In order to surprise the enemy here, the Polish detachments separated from Malachowski, who was ordered to advance, under cover of the brushwood, as far as the Dutch farm of Pulawy, and to delay his attack upon the chateau until the Polish horsemen should have opened their fire. The principal effort was directed against the stables, in which the enemies' dragoons were collected in great force. Scarcely had the fusilade commenced,

when Malachowski and his chasseurs were before them. Blockaded in their stables, the Russian dragoons sustained the assault, and kept up a galling fire upon the assailants from the roof and windows. Resolving to terminate the affair by a dash, Malachowski rushed upon the principal gate, that was strongly barricaded, forces it, and bursts into the stables. The sight of one of his bravest officers cut down at his side does not stop him; he charged the Russians home, who struck with such daring intrepidity, threw down their arms, and surrendered at discretion. One hundred and twenty-two horses fell into the hands of the Poles, who made two hundred and sixty prisoners, among whom were the Russian captain, Sakinin, and four of his officers. The enemy lost nine and thirty killed, the Poles only five. This brilliant expedition gained Malachowski the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the Polish order of *Merit*. But the young hero was not long fated to enjoy his well merited honours. After the battle of Grochow, Field Marshal Diebitch having made a movement to cross the Vistula, Sierawski's corps was detached to dispute the passage, or at least to annoy him in the construction of the bridges and boats necessary for the operation. During the whole of this month, in which the belligerent forces confined themselves to a *guerre de partisan* and countermarches, Julius Malachowski gave not the enemy a moment's rest. At night, when others gave themselves up to repose, throwing himself into a boat with some of his followers, he continually annoyed the Russian bivouacs, surprised the detached corps, and spread terror throughout their cantonments. Then succeeded the victory of Dobré, where the star of Skrznecki, so brilliant at its rising, in one day changed the face of affairs. The Poles, in their turn, became the assailants, and pursued the Russian army under the very walls of Liedlee. Diebitch was in his turn reduced to act upon the defensive, and renounced the passage of the Vistula. Sierawski's corps found itself in consequence enabled to advance. The general had orders to pass the Vistula and to second the operations of Devernicky, who was advancing upon Volhynia. Sierawski obeyed, but on his arrival in the vicinity of the enemy, he found himself opposite to a force of four times more numerous than his own. Unawed by this immense disproportion, he nevertheless attacked, but in spite of the valour and the ardour of his young troops, he was soon obliged to sound a retreat. Driven from a forest that had for some time sheltered him, the Poles were on the point of being surrounded and made prisoners, when Major Wielkaski with some subdivisions of cavalry, and Julius Malachowski with his chasseurs, arrived to their assistance. A panic had seized the troops of Sierawski, and Malachowski with his military *coup d'œil*, convinced that victory was out of the question, sought at least to lessen the disasters of a defeat, and devoted himself to destruction to save the army.

Alone with his free chasseurs, covering the retreat of his brothers in arms, they showed an imposing front to the enemy, and kept him off by a well sustained and murderous fire. Sustaining thus for several hours the retrograde movements, he enabled Sierawski's corps to reach Kasimierz. Although this position was totally unprovided with facilities for retreat, Malachowski proposed, nevertheless, to de-

fend it, so much did his daring mind delight in exploits that appeared impossible. However, the enemy having on the following day again shown himself, the young hero once more resumed his desperate service of covering the retreat. Occupying the defiles with his chasseurs and scythe bearers, he maintained his ground from nine in the morning until five in the evening, and strewed the field of battle with the Russian slain. This heroic resistance gave Sierawski time to effect the passage of the Vistula in safety, and to carry off his artillery and baggage. Throughout this memorable day, Malachowski was constantly seen in the front ranks, firing himself with his double barrelled rifle, and never missing a shot; but when the cartridges of his brave riflemen were exhausted, and the Russians, always gaining ground, were within a few paces of him, then blazed up the soul of the hero. With a convulsive emotion, he seized the scythe of a soldier just fallen by his side, and rushing upon the barbarous foe, "Comrades," he exclaimed, "follow me; it was with this arm that Kosciuszko fought and conquered!" Faithful to the voice of their commander, they, to a man, rushed forward, and closing, fought hand to hand with the enemy. The Russians astonished at such daring intrepidity, began to give ground. Malachowski erect in the thickest of their ranks wielding his murderous scythe, now red with gore, looked like the angel of death mowing down all around him! Success had already manifested itself, for this deperate onslaught of the *Free Chasseurs*, when two balls struck their noble leader at the same moment; one in the mouth and the other in the breast. He found the end that he had coveted upon the field of battle against the enslavers of his country!

At the age of nine and twenty, thus perished the hero. With one of those countenances beautiful as the creations of Grecian art, dark lustrous eyes, sparkling with the love of glory, with a tall and graceful figure, Malachowski was one of those types of men that do honour to the creation. His character, like his form, was cast in an antique mould; a hero of modern times he would have been equally so, in the most splendid periods of Greece and Rome—Noble Malachowski! when he perished in the defiles of Kasimiers. Poland was yet free. Ere he resigned himself to his glorious rest, he was at least enabled to cherish some sweet, but alas! vain illusions.

Malachowski's death was the subject of a general mourning; the public papers at Warsaw long dwelt upon it. The barbarians themselves, unable to refuse homage to his undaunted nature, rendered funeral honours to the Polish martyr.

IBRAHIM PACHA'S SYRIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE eyes of all Europe have been lately directed with feverish anxiety towards the East. With the early history of the present ruler of Egypt, and with his projects of military reform, our readers are doubtless well acquainted. We shall, therefore, only rapidly glance at the present condition of Syria, as on the causes that led to the astonishing success of a campaign that at one time threatened to reconstruct, upon a new basis, the political geography of the East.

In contemplating the state of degradation and impotency into which have fallen Syria, and that vast Peninsula which extends westward of the Euphrates, after having occupied so proud a place in the page of history, from the earliest traditionary periods down to the time when the Turkish Sultans abandoned Broussa for Adrianople, we naturally inquire what has become of the intellectual inheritance which the ancient inhabitants of these countries left behind them. Where are the successors of the skilful workmen of Damascus, of Mossul, and of Angora; the navigators of Phœnicia, the artists of Ionia, and the wise men of Chaldea. Several distinct characters of civilization have successively flourished in this part of Asia. To the primitive ages, to the reign of the Pelasgi, correspond to subterraneous excavations of Macri, and the Phrygian monuments of Seïdî Gazi; to the Babylonian power, the ruins of Bagdad, and the artificial mountains of Van, to the Hellenic period, the baths, the amphitheatres, and the ruins of which strew the coast of the Archipelago; to the Roman empire the military roads which traverse in every direction the whole Peninsula; to the Greeks of the middle ages, the church of Iznik. And now that Mussulman civilization, which at its brightest periods produced the beautiful mosque of the Sultan Bayazid, at Amasia, is at its last gasp; for we can with safety affirm, that not a single grand thought, either social, religious, or political, any longer connects together the four millions of inhabitants which the Porte numbers in this part of her dominions. All unity has disappeared, and the Osmoulis who compose the predominating race, no longer obey but some old habits and recollections. The downfall of the Janizarry system destroyed their last connecting link. Forgetting that their destiny was conquest—that they were only encamped in the land—that they had received a military organization for a permanent state of warfare—that their head-quarters was Constantinople, they have become attached to the soil, and shut themselves up in their harems, have established a feudal system—are divided among themselves by hereditary enmities, and their contempt for foreigners is no longer founded on their courage and power. Near the coasts of the Archipelago the European intercourse has in some degree civilized the manners of the Turks, but as the traveller advances into the interior, civilization sensibly decreases. On approaching the central plateau of Asia Minor, he perceives that cultivation seldom extends beyond the distance of half a league round a village; the inhabitants are

secreted in the mountains, and carefully avoid the vicinity of the great roads; it is a well-known statistical phenomenon, that the most inaccessible districts are the most populous and the richest. This will be easily understood, when it is told, that the passage of troops through a district is a pest more dreaded than the fatal plague itself. The once flourishing and magnificent plains of Eske-Scher have been deserts since the Sultan Amurath traversed them, at the head of 300,000 men, to lay siege to Bagdad. His passage was marked by all the devastating effects of the hurricane. When a body of those horsemen called Delhis, who are attached to the suite of every Pacha, enters a village, the consternation is general, and followed by a system of exaction that to the unfortunate villager is equivalent to ruin. To complain to the Pacha would be to court instant destruction. From this we can conceive the horror of the peasantry of Australia at the passage of large bodies of troops through their country, and consequently the obstacles a European army would encounter which should ever be masters of the Black and Mediterranean Seas. The Turcomans, a Nornase tribe, who sometimes pitch their tents on the shores of the Archipelago, and who pay but a moderate tribute to the Porte, are also another cause of devastation. But the Musseleins, the farmers of the Pacha it is, who are the oppressors *par excellence*; they are always present to despoil the unfortunate fellah, to leave him, to use a common expression in the mouths of this oppressed race, "but eyes wherewith to weep." The welfare of the people, respect for the orders of the Porte, are things to them of the utmost indifference; to govern, is to raise men and taxes; to obey, is to fear. Thus the law of force reigns almost exclusively at forty or fifty leagues from the capital. But on approaching the Euphrates the dissolution of every social tie becomes more striking, we find ourselves amid the independent tribes—the cruel Cendes; among the Tezdis—a people who adore the spirit of Erib. Towards the North we fall in with the Lazzi, and all those fierce natives who are entrenched, like vultures, amid the fastnesses of the Caucasus. Again, in the South, we discover the wandering Arabs, the pirates of the desert, and the mountaineers of Lebanon, who live in a state of perpetual discord. Over this immense line of countries centuries have passed, and left no trace behind; all that the ancients and the crusaders have related to us of them, is typical of their condition at this day. The bows and arrows, the armour, exhibited as objects of curiosity in our museums, are still in use among them. It is only by chance, or by profiting by their intestine divisions, that the authority of the Porte is recognised. The Pachas are mostly hereditary, and live in a state of perpetual insurrection. Thus from the shores of the Archipelago to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, civilization and vegetation appear to obey the same law of decrease.

It is incontestable, that Syria and the Pachalicks, on the confines of Upper Asia, are of no real importance to the Sultan; and that the pride of this monarch would be the only sufferer by their loss. Desolation has reached such a point in the Ottoman Empire, that it is almost impossible to regenerate her, unless the branches of the tree, lopped off all those parts so eccentric by their position are detached

from it, and organised into independent states. Towards the North, Russia has pushed on her battalions as far as Erzeroum; but it will be found more difficult to govern Armenia from St. Petersburg than from Constantinople. In politics, the calculation of distances is an important element. In the South of Asia, Egypt lays claim to Syria, and that part of Caramania situated between Mount Taurus and the sea—a territory in which she will find those resources she at present stands so much in need of, such as timber for ship-building, &c., a Christian population, among whom the seeds of European civilization will be more easily implanted. She will thus form an empire that will one day become powerful, if not prematurely exhausted by that system of monopoly so rigorously put in force by her present ruler.

The history of the quarrels of the Pacha of Acre with Mehemet Ali, justifies, in some degree, the pretensions of the latter. Abdallah Pacha had rendered himself famous by his extortions, and in 1822 took it into his head to seize Damascus. The neighbouring Pacha formed a league against him, and laid siege to his capital, when Mehemet Ali negotiated his pardon, for a sum of 60,000 purses, which of course the people paid. Interest soon prevailed over gratitude; the Pacha of Acre felt there was more to be gained from Constantinople than from Cairo—that the authority of the Sultan in the Pachalic would never be more than nominal, and that the Porte, satisfied by some presents, would not be in a condition to prevent his exactions; he therefore sought, on every occasion, to get rid of the influence of Mehemet Ali, and to excite the jealousy of the Porte against him. An opportunity soon offered itself. Some Egyptian fellahs had taken refuge under the guns of Abdallah Pacha; Mehemet Ali demanded these men, but the Governor of Acre refused to give them up, on the plea that they were subjects of the Grand Signior, and referred the matter to the Porte, who, on this occasion, was seized with a fit of humanity, and *bewailed* the oppression of the peasantry of the Valley of the Vale—" *Inde Bellum.*" This was at the close of 1831.

The moment was favourable for the viceroy's great designs. Europe was sufficiently agitated to leave him no apprehensions of an intervention on the part of Russia. The Albanians and the Borneans were in open revolt, and insurrections had broken out also in several pachalics on the side of Upper Asia. The sultan was considered the slave of the Russians, and his conduct excited the contempt and hatred of the whole empire. In the meantime, since the revolution, the exactions of the government had extended to every object of production and industry, while the conscription decimated the most industrious portion of the population; and if to this organized system of spoliation we farther add the ravages of the plague and cholera, we may form some idea of the wretched state of those provinces, and shall be no longer surprised that the Egyptians were every where hailed as deliverers.

Ibrahim Pacha, the step-son of Mehemet Ali, was placed at the head of the Egyptian army. Of a short, thick-set figure, he possesses that gigantic strength which Homer so loved in his heroes, and which inspires such respect among barbarous nations. To strike off the

head of a bull with a blow of his scimitar—to execute, like Peter the Great, with his own hand his victims—to fall, dead drunk, amid the broken wrecks of champagne bottles, are three acts of his life. But latterly his manners, from his intercourse with Europeans, have been somewhat polished; and, in deference to them, he has displayed both clemency and dignity—in fact, Ibrahim is excessively anxious to acquire the good opinion of Europe. He possesses all that strong common sense that so distinguishes the Turks, rather than an elevated intelligence of mind. Soliman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, formerly an officer on the staff of Marshall Grouchy, was associated with him; and it is to him that the success of the Egyptian army may be chiefly attributed.

Syria, with her various productions, was the first country which offered itself to the conquest of the Egyptians. Closed entirely on the side of Asia by Mount Amanus, which belongs to the chain of Taurus, and extends from the gulf of Scanderoun to the Euphrates, she is bounded on one side by the Mediterranean, and on the other by the desert. Her length, from Aintab to Gaza, is 150 leagues, and the mean breadth about 30. By a single glance at the map we perceive the most important military points for the defence of Syria, are the fortress of Saint Jean d'Acre—Tyre, which ought to be fortified—Balbeck, as the key to several vallies—Antakea—the passage of the Beilan—Alesandretta, situated upon a tongue of land between the marshes and the sea, and, lastly, Aentab and Zeuyma, which command the two passages on the right side of Mount Amanus. We have entered into these details in order to show how destitute the whole plan of campaign in Syria was of all stratagetical combinations. Malte Brun estimates the population of the district of Sham at two millions, but we are inclined to question the accuracy of this calculation, since no two travellers are agreed as to the numbers of the Druses, some estimating them at 120,000, others at a million. The Turks form two-fifths of the population—they inhabit the large towns with the Greeks; the remainder of the population is composed of Arab fellahs, of Curdes, and of Turcomans, who wander in the valley of the Orontes; of Bedouin Arabs, who pitch their tents on the banks of the Jordan and along the edge of the desert of Ansarich, worshippers of the sun, the descendants of the servants of the Old Man of the Mountain, of Maronetes who profess the catholic ritual, of Druses whose creed is doubtful, all the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, of Melualis, Musulmen of the sect of Ali, of Naplonsins and other tribes who have preserved a state of independence. We shall not be astonished, that amidst this prodigious diversity of races, that Syria is more easy to conquer than to keep possession of. With the exception of the Ansarich, who inhabit the north of Syria, all of them obeyed, at the moment when the war broke out, the Emir Bechir, a Druses prince of the family of the celebrated Fakr el Din, who revolted against Amurath the Fourth. The Emir Bechir, when Abdallah raised the standard of revolt in 1822, sought the protection of Mehemet Ali, who re-established him in his government.

Let us now follow Ibrahim in his march. At the head of 32,000 regular troops, and 4 or 5000 Bedouin Arabs and Hassouras, he took

the same route as Bonaparte, and rapidly advanced against St. Jean d'Acre. Without firing a shot, he made himself master of Jaffa, Caïpha, Jérusalem, Naplonsia. Tabaneh and all the country between Gaza and Acre submitted at his approach. Master of the sea, by which he expected reinforcements both in men and materiel, he made haste to occupy the whole line of coast as far as Ladikich, and set down, on the 27th of November, before St Jean d'Acre, with a corps of 15,000 regular infantry, two regiments of lancers, 1000 Bedouins, two companies of sappers, one of cannoniers, one of bombardiers, and a train of field and siege artillery. The place is situated on a promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea, and defended on the fourth by a fort crowned by a tower, which serves as a citadel. This last front, the bastions of which, from their retiring flanks being too short, is the only one accessible on the land side, but it was enfiladed from a neighbouring height. Bonaparte, at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, was destitute of siege artillery, and was not master of the sea, he had, therefore, many more obstacles to encounter than Ibrahim. During the first ten days the fire of the besiegers was not very vigorous, but on the 9th of December, five frigates having cast anchor before the place, with some gun-boats under sail, a general attack was made, and from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, the fleet and the batteries on shore kept up a well-directed fire. The besieged on their side were not inactive, the Egyptians experienced a heavy loss, and several of their ships were much cut up. From the 9th to the 18th the bombardment lasted night and day. On the 10th some heavy guns were placed in battery, the operations of the siege were now pushed forward with great ardour, but yet nothing denoted the immediate reduction of the place. The defence of Abdallah Pacha was marked by the most determined energy. He had sworn, it was reported, that he would blow up the town. It was, however, of the utmost importance to push forward the operations with the greatest activity. The first disposition of the population which had been favourable, might undergo a change should not Ibrahim succeed in striking a great blow. The mountaineers of Lebanon and of Naplonsia had sent their chiefs to the Egyptian camp, and were ready to furnish a contingent of their warriors.

The news of the invasion of Syria, by the army of Mehemet Ali, spread terror at Constantinople. The Porte, with her usual craft dissimulated, and feigning to see in this event, but a quarrel between two Pachas, she summoned them to lay before her their respective griefs; but finding her orders were disregarded, she made preparations for war. On the 16th of December, 1821, Mehemet Pacha, already governor of Racca, was appointed governor of Aleppo, and Seraskier of Syria and Arabia. Orders were sent to the director of the Imperial Mines, Osman Pacha, to the Muselims of Marash, of Sevas, of Adana and of Payas, to levy troops. Strict injunctions were also given to the governors of Caramania, and of Cæsarea, to hold themselves in readiness; but this movement of Tartars, was insufficient to produce a numerous army; the lukewarm devotion of the subjects of the Porte, found ample means of evasion; and every day, the efforts of the Turkish government in

Syria, to re-establish its authority, encountered new obstacles. The son of the Emir Bechir, assembled troops in the mountains, and held out for Mehemet Ali. Damascus armed itself through fear, but retained as an hostage the Pacha, appointed to conduct the caravan to Mecca. Memiran Osman Pacha, had been selected by the Porte, for the government of Tripoli, but it was necessary to take possession of it by force of arms. This port was already occupied, in the name of Mehemet Ali, by Mustapha Agar Barbar, a man of considerable note in the country. The Seraskier Mehemet Pacha, consented to furnish Osman with some thousand irregular horsemen, fourteen small field-pieces, the latter arrived before his capital early in April; believing the Egyptian Comander-in-chief still occupied with the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. All his dispositions of attack, consisted in scattering his troops over the surrounding hills, and in ordering his artillery to play upon the town, which did not displace a single stone; the guns of the castle were also, so badly pointed, that the Turkish horsemen galloped up to the very houses, and were only driven off by a brisk fire of musketry; which galling them severely, they fled across the heights. Night put an end to the affair: a few days after, Ibrahim having left to one of his Lieutenants, the direction of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and wishing to reconnoitre the country, appeared at the head of 800 men, with six field-pieces, before Osman's camp, who, seized with a panic, immediately abandoned it to the enemy, and hastened to form a junction with the Pacha of Aleppo, who was posted near Hamah. The Egyptian general instantly pursued him, and took up a position at Hom; but threatened upon this point, by three brigades of the Seraskier Mehemet Pacha, he retired, after some skirmishes, to Balbeck; where he established his camp, and was joined by Abaz Pacha, his nephew, at the head of 800 men. But his presence was required in other quarters, divisions had broken out on several points, and the slowness with which the operations of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre was carried on, had damped the ardour of his partisans. At Tripoli a conspiracy was discovered, in which were implicated, the Cadi, the Muphti, and the principal Turks.

After receiving a considerable reinforcement of troops from Candia, and making some defensive dispositions to the south of Bolbeck, Ibrahim returned before St. Jean d'Acre, to bring the siege to a conclusion, by a decisive attack. On the 19th of May, the fire was recommenced with great vigour; the Egyptians made the most extraordinary efforts to get into the city, and experienced a heavy loss; but scarcely was a breach effected, than it was again closed up. Nothing was left standing in the town, the palace was destroyed, and Adullah Pacha obliged to retire to the caves dug by Djezzar; the garrison was reduced to less than 2000 men. At last, on the 27th of May, a general assault was made. Three breaches were practicable, one on the tower of Kapou Bourdjou, the other two at Nebieh Zaleh, and at Zavieh. Six battalions had the horrors of the attack, which commenced at day break, and lasted twelve hours. At Kapou Bourdjou, the Arabs were on the point of giving ground, but Ibrahim having, with his own hand, struck off the head

of a captain, and having turned a battery against them, they returned to the assault. Unfortunately for Adullah, his gunners ran from their pieces, and he was obliged to capitulate. The Egyptians confessed a loss but of 1429 wounded, and 512 killed. Thus fell St. Jean d'Acre, after a memorable defence of six months. The capture of this place insured to Ibrahim the possession of Lower Syria, and enabled him to advance in perfect security.

While the son of Mehemet Ali was thus vigorously pushing forward the war, the Porte was still occupied with her preparations. In the month of March, Hussein Pacha, celebrated by the destruction of the Janissaries, and by the extraordinary bravery he displayed on the Russian Campaign, but in other respects, a soldier "a la Turc," was appointed chief of the expedition to Arabia. To this soldier was confided the safety of the empire, with the title of field-marshal of Anatolia. He was solemnly invested with the Harvani, (a short cloak) with an embroidered collar, he received a sabre set in brilliants, and two Arabian horses, superbly caparisoned; and on the 17th of April, he received orders to join the army which Hosrew Pacha had organized, the head quarters of which was at Konisk. By the formation of new regular regiments the army had been raised to 60,000 men, including artillery and engineers. The mass of their force was composed of Beckir Pacha's brigade of infantry, with the 2nd regiment of cavalry; and a strong brigade of irregulars, under the orders of the governor of Silistria; of Skender Pacha's brigade of infantry, and the 6th cavalry; of that of Nedgeb Pacha, with the 9th cavalry; and Delaver Pacha's brigade, with the cavalry of the guard. Each of these corps was accompanied by its batteries, &c. &c. An European organization had been given to the different services, such as the pay-master-general's department, commissariat, &c. The sultan had written out many of the regulations with his own hand.

The young general of division, Mehemet Pacha, a manumitted slave of Hussein's, was specially charged with the direction of the regular troops, under the orders of Hussein Pacha; he was tolerably well acquainted with all our manœuvres; and possessed some military talent. The European instructors were attached to his suit; they were the captain of artillery, Thernin, whose councils would have saved the Turkish army, had they been listened to; the engineer-officer, Reully, a brave and experienced soldier; and the captain of cavalry, Colosso. The two former (Frenchmen) saw almost the whole of the war; taken prisoners by the Egyptians, they refused to enter their service, and were sent back. As for Colosso, he sojourned but a short time in the camp; for on endeavouring to put a stop to the frightful abuses that pervaded every branch of the service, the generals, and colonels, formed a league against him, and he retired in disgust.

On the 14th of May, the field-marshal arrived at Koniah, where he displayed the most culpable negligence and carelessness; it was in vain that the European inspectors, requested him to put in force "the regulation for troops in the field," of the French general Prevan, which had been translated into Turkish; they were no

more listened to than their complaints on the bad state of the camp, and on the indolence and negligence of the chiefs.

The generalissimo even never deemed it once requisite to review his army. The most frightful disorders prevailed in the Turkish military administrations, and which subsequently led to all their reverses; in fact it was evident to every experienced eye that an army so constituted, once overtaken by defeat, would soon be totally disorganized, and that the Porte ought to place no reliance upon its army. But there was an arm which, in the flourishing times of Islamism, was worth 100,000 janizaries. This was excommunication. The Sultan at last resolved to unsheath this weapon. The fatal fetva was launched against the traitor Mehemet Ali, and his son, the *indolent* Ibrahim. Those who have studied the Turkish history must have thought that the Viceroy of Egypt would find at last his master—the executioner; but since the late victories of the Russians, all national faith is extinguished among the Osmanlis. Excommunication is an arm as worn out at Constantinople as at Rome.

Whilst the Porte was fulminating her bull of communication, she directed to the corps diplomatique at Constantinople, a note, in which she explained her quarrel with her subjects, and in which she demands the strictest neutrality on the part of the great powers, and declares Egypt in a state of blockade. The Emperor Nicholas recalled his consul from Alexandria, and even made an offer of a fleet, and an auxiliary corps d'armée. Austria, an enemy to all revolutions, went so far as to threaten the viceroy. England appeared to preserve the strictest neutrality, while France strenuously employed all her influence to bring about an accommodation; but in vain. The Divan having refused to listen to the demands of Mehemet Ali, the solution of the question was referred to Field Marshal Hussein, who proceeded with that calculated exertion which the Ottomans take for dignity, and thus three weeks were lost before the army advanced upon Mount Taurus. It was only on the 1st June that Mehemet Pacha arrived with the van guard and Beker's brigade at Adana. A reconnaissance, pushed forward as far as Tarsons, brought back the news of the fall of St. Jean d'Acre. It became, therefore, an imperative necessity to occupy the passes of Syria, and to march upon Antioch, in order to cover Beylau. A Tartar was despatched to Hussien, who posted off in great haste to Adana, but only to halt there for a fortnight. At last the movement was effected, and the army reached Antioch, where the cholera broke out in its ranks, and where eight days were lost, instead of profiting by Ibrahim's delay, to take up a more advanced position. The latter descended into the valley of the Orontes, and entered Damascus on the 15th June, after a short engagement with the Turkish irregulars. But all his operations were marked by a want of rapidity. After securing Antioch, the Turkish army should have marched upon Horns, which offered an excellent position, and where they might have established a communication with the Druses, upon whom some hopes were founded, and from whence they would have commanded the road to Damascus. But it was not till the 6th of July that Hussein would execute this movement. Mehemet Pacha commenced his march; but in their

haste they forgot to issue rations to the troops, who reached Horns at ten in the morning, almost dead with hunger and fatigue. The Seraskier of Aleppo was encamped, with his irregular troops, at the gates of the city ; but without deigning to even think of the enemy, whom they thought at some distance, or to issue rations to the starving troops, they wasted their time in vain ceremonies. The young Mehemet Pacha was carried, under a salute of artillery, into a magnificent tent pitched upon the bank of the river. There the two viziers made a long interchange of compliments, and smoked the hargueleh : 'midst of all this mummary, intelligence was brought in that the Egyptian army was within two hours march of them. The disorder that ensued was dreadful. The hungry soldiers dragged themselves in masses to meet the Arabs. The latter waited for them, with their front masked by light troops, presenting twenty-seven battalions deployed in line, the left of which rested on the Orontes, and the right upon a hamlet at the foot of a hill. The Egyptians, who were ignorant of the presence of the Turkish regular infantry, had adopted this vicious disposition against their irregular cavalry. But no one really commanded among the Turks, and thus the opportunity of striking a decisive blow was lost. Every colonel had an opinion of his own. One pacha wished to retreat, while the European instructors insisted on an immediate attack. In short, the artillery even refused to advance to the front. However, Ibrahim Pacha did not remain inactive ; he pressed the Turks closely, and doubled his line from right to left, and pushed forwards some battalions on the side of the Orontes, but they were checked by part of Beker's brigade and two pieces of cannon. Then the whole Egyptian line halted and opened their fire. In the course of twenty minutes the left of the Turks suffered considerably. Mehemet Pacha resolved to charge the enemy with the bayonet ; but instead of remaining with the second line in order to direct the movement, he put himself at the head of his soldiers to attack the Arabs, who immediately formed in column. Before he reached them, he was abandoned by his artillery, while his cavalry, which should have turned the enemy, fell back in disorder from before a battery which they might have carried. The second line of infantry did not support the movement with vigour ; and on the Egyptian columns deploying into line, preparatory for a decisive charge, the whole Turkish army went to the right about in the most disgraceful manner, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. It was a general "*sauve qui peut*." The approach of night alone saved the Turkish army from total destruction. The loss of the Sultan's forces in this affair amounted to 2,000 killed and 2,500 prisoners.

The wrecks of the Turkish corps retired "pell mell" upon Antioch. Instead of rallying them, Nedgeb Pacha's brigade, which was encamped at two hours' march from the field of battle, fled with them. The field marshal, on learning this disaster, took post at the *tele du pont* on Djezer, on the Orontes. He received the fugitives at the point of the bayonet, and cut off the heads of the first mutineers who endeavoured to cross. It was in such moments that Hussein shewed himself to be above the ordinary stamp of mankind. His

energy was admirable calculated for quelling a revolt ; but on the other hand, though he was able to master the confusion of a retreat, he knew not how to avoid it. Such was his military incapacity, that he was incapable of foreseeing any thing. In a short time he expended all the money in the military chest, impoverishing all the districts through which he passed, paying no where, and holding up the name of his master to universal execration. At the action of Horns, the mass of his forces were not engaged, so that there yet remained 40,000 regular troops ; but the field marshal allowed an army to perish to which Hosrew Pacha had given a tolerable organization. Instead of taking any measures of defence, he set out for Antioch, with the view of effecting a junction with some troops in the neighbourhood of Aleppo ; but finding no provisions in those districts, he returned by forced marches to Alexandretta, after fatiguing his troops by a march of 80 leagues.

However, Ibrahim was advancing, having recalled all his garrisons, and made new levies in the mountains. As he advanced, the whole country declared in his favour, and the castle of Aleppo was delivered up to him. His conduct was marked by great skill and generosity. Under his protection the numerous Christians began to raise their heads. There now only remained, to complete the entire occupation of Syria, but to seize Antioch and Alexandretta ; but his operations were pushed forward with extreme slowness, because he always expected from Constantinople a decision favourable to the pretensions of his father-in-law. The Turkish field marshal had thus plenty of time to stop his passage into Caramania. Antioch offered an excellent position for an entrenched camp ; but this he disregarded, and made his advanced posts fall back upon the defile of Beylan. This defile, formed by a deep valley, is so narrow in some places, that a camel can scarcely pass. Nevertheless, this is the grand route of the Mecca caravan. Nothing was more easy than to defend it ; yet on 5th August the Egyptians made themselves masters of it, after an action of two hours. The passage of the Beylan delivered to the conqueror Alexandretta, its immense magazines, and 100 pieces of cannon. The Turks, instead of rallying in the rear, in the favourable positions which the ground offered, fled in the direction of Adana. Ibrahim pursued them with his cavalry, which passed the Djihun at a ford ; Hussein Pacha having blown up the superb bridge of nine arches that crossed that river at Messis.

The Ottoman troops continued their retreat across the plain of Adana, but they had scarcely reached that city, before they were dislodged by the enemy, who were on the point of capturing the Field Marshal. The whole district of Adana declared for Ibrahim, who had at length reached the new line of frontiers which Mehemet Ali wished to make the boundaries of his empire. There was now nothing to prevent the march of the Egyptians upon Constantinople itself ; for the demoralized soldiers of Hussein Pacha deserved not the name of an army. The Curdes and the Anotalian peasantry murdered the Turkish regulars wherever they could find them, which was not difficult, for they deserted by platoons. The provinces of Upper Asia were in such a state of insurrection, a single officer of

Ibrahim's would have been sufficient to make the most considerable town capitulate. It has been said that the Viceroy, at one moment, had the idea of himself attacking the Turkish capital by sea, while Ibrahim should threaten it from Scutari. But his prudence doubtless prevented the execution of the enterprize, for however popular the cause of Mehemet Ali, may have been, he would have appeared in Constantinople but as a subject, and certainly could not have prevented the intervention of Russia. And lastly, had he succeeded in these projects of unbounded ambition, what would have been the result? Instead of a compact state, bounded by Mount Taurus, he would have found himself embarrassed with a great empire, tottering to its base, and which no human power can regenerate. Mehemet Ali listened therefore to the councils of France, and endeavoured to obtain the recognition of his independence. But the Porte, listening to the perfidious suggestions, and governed by the blind obstinacy that led to the battle of Navarino and the victories of the Russians, would make no terms, and reduced Ibrahim, after an armistice of five months, to conquer her again. Hussein Pacha was succeeded by the Grand Vizier, Redschid Pacha, the same who had distinguished himself in Greece, and quelled the revolt of Scodro Pacha. Brave, and accustomed to the camp, a sound politician, Redschid was superior to his predecessor, but still, even he was only a Turkish general. He had been selected principally on account of his great influence in Turkey in Europe. He therefore received orders to repair to Constantinople, with considerable levies of Bosnians and Albanians, of which they knew he could dispose, and with the six regiments of infantry and cavalry that belonged to them.

In the mean time the indefatigable Hussein Pacha had succeeded in reorganizing an army with about 40,000 regulars of the reserve, it was echelloned between the capital and Koniah, reinforced by the troops brought by the Grand Vizier; it was sufficiently numerous to have prevented Ibrahim's further advance; but there was neither skill in the general, or ardour among the troops; the councils of the European instructors were as usual disregarded, while the Egyptian army, on the contrary, was almost exclusively under the direction of European officers. A single piece of artillery would have sufficed to have defended the passage of the Taurus, and yet when Ibrahim appeared on its northern declivity, he had to encounter but a few irregulars, of whom he soon gave a good account. He then fixed his camp on the plain of Erekli, at one hundred and sixty days' march of a camel from Constantinople, and then advanced upon Koniah.

Reuff Pacha, who had provisionally assumed the command of the Turkish army, until the arrival of Redschid Pacha, prudently fell back upon Acken at the approach of the Egyptians. But forgetting the disastrous day of Koulaktché, the Grand Vizier merely assumed the offensive. Instead of taking up a position in the mountains, and allowing the unusual rigour of the season to thin the ranks of the enemy, he precipitately advanced. The cold was so excessive, the weather so dreadful, and the roads rendered so impassable by the snow, that only a small portion of the artillery and ammunition could follow the movement, so that they found themselves as at Horns,

without provisions in the presence of the enemy. At some distance from Koniah, Redschild Pacha sent forward his selector at the head of a body of irregulars, with orders to advance across the mountains upon the village of Lilé, which was occupied by a strong detachment of Arabs, while the Grand Vizier advanced on his side with the grand army, by the route of the plain. The attack was to have been simultaneous, but unfortunately the selector arrived too soon on the scene of action, and was totally defeated. Undaunted by this check, the Grand Vizier continued his advance, and did not halt till he was in presence of the enemy, whom he found strongly entrenched, and prepared to give him a warm reception. It was the 29th of the Redgeb, (21st Decr.) and from the advanced hour of the day, there was no alternative but to attack, otherwise he must have passed a night upon the field, without bread, exposed to the action of an intense cold that would have paralyzed the ardour of the troops. Redschild Pacha made therefore no dispositions for the attack, but his order of battle was best: he drew up his army in four lines, thus rendering useless a great part of his troops, and when he at length resolved to alter his dispositions for a more extended order of battle, he did not reconnoitre the ground to ascertain if it would permit such an extension of front. His left wing, therefore, was unable to deploy, and remained formed in columns of attack, while the enemy's artillery committed dreadful havoc on their profound masses. He committed also another fault, that of placing his artillery between the interval of the lines, so that it did not reach the Egyptians, while theirs on the contrary, posted in their front, did great execution. Mehemet Redschild's plan of battle was to attack with the mass of his forces, composed chiefly of Albanians, the centre of the enemy's army, whilst the cavalry should make a demonstration upon the wings. But Ibrahim, who had foreseen this manœuvre, leaving only on the point attacked a sufficient force to make head for a short time, turned his adversary to the gorges of the mountains. On gaining the flanks of the Ottoman party, he impetuously attacked and routed their cavalry, and afterwards advanced against the principal Turkish corps, which thus found itself attacked on both sides. The Albanians, in spite of all the efforts of the Grand Vizier, broke and fled. Redschild Pacha then put himself at the head of his guard for a last effort, but he was again, after performing prodigies of valour, repulsed, and fell severely wounded into the hands of the Egyptians. The loss of the Turks was immense; one regiment alone, the first infantry of the line, left 3,000 men upon the field of battle.

The battle was decisive, the second army of the Grand Seignior was annihilated, and the road to Constantinople again open to Ibrahim, and the tottering empire of Mahmoud was saved but by the intervention of the Russian Autocrat, who felt that it was rather his own property that was at stake, than that of the unfortunate Sultan. Mehemet Ali is now an independent sovereign, and it is to the military genius of Europe that he owes this glory. While the once formidable empire of Mahomet is rapidly sinking under an accumulation of evils, the operation of which European diplomacy will in vain attempt to arrest.

CONFESSIONS OF A TOAD EATER.

I REALLY don't believe that I ever actually ate a toad ; though I don't know what the kindness of my nature might induce me to do, if a great man were to request me ; I would certainly strain a point to oblige a great man. In my paper last month, I endeavoured to throw some light upon this interesting art, not intending to go further than the few hints there laid down. But that amiable feeling which has induced me through life to make sacrifices, for the benefit of others, prompts me to a continuance—I am imbued with the pure spirit of philanthropy ; every action of my life bespeaks it ; else why my concern for the world,—why betray any feeling for that miserable, degraded class of my fellow-creatures, the idle and worthless, who they prefer a career of crime to what is called “ honest industry.” Honesty has many friends ; but who shall avow himself the friend of the criminal. Yet it is to this class, that I principally address myself—I ask them why they risk the brand, the whip, the gallows ? why court for mere subsistence all imaginable horrors, at the bare thought of which my sensitive nature recoils, when the noble art of toad eating is before them. By adopting such interesting means, they will earn their bread in a much more satisfactory manner, and at much less risk—could my principles be brought into practice, Newgate would be cleared of its tenants. It is much easier to catch flies with honey, than vinegar, as I once heard a hackney coachman say while cheating his fare—the maxim was not lost on me.

Mr. Bentley had a manuscript of mine for publication, called “ Every Man his own Toad Eater ;” but respect for the profession induced me to withdraw it. I conceive my benevolent intentions might be frustrated by sweet wholesome instruction, the great mystery must be held sacred. My purpose will be best answered by affording a few hints, by which the tyro may save himself from some of the disadvantages to which every profession is more or less liable : experience will teach the rest. Thank heaven ! upon the whole, I have found it a very comfortable calling ; I have amassed a very pleasing competency—I have never condescended to the drudgery of existence ; no acknowledged profession, trade or employment ever soured the native benevolence of my mind. I was a Toad Eater from my cradle, and by the aid of Providence I shall be a Toad Eater to the day of my death.

From the events of my earlier history which I am about to relate, much good may be gathered ; I was dreadfully inexperienced, and was practised upon most shamefully ; but I forgive them from my heart, and what is more, I will forgive them, if they do so again.

I accidentally met with an old school-fellow, we had been particular cronies together in the olden time ; and an invitation to dine at his house on the following Sunday was accepted. We met—a happy and a cheerful day was spent by both, all the frolics of our boyhood, the love passages of our youth, the fates, and fortunes of various

schoolfellows, made a long spring day appear very short. My friend had been fortunate; he had acquired a handsome independence by making himself pleasing to an old uncle; and had wisely retired to enjoy it without risk. From this time a friendship of the firmest nature subsisted between us, I was consulted on all occasions, I became absolutely indispensable to my dear friend, was expected to give up all other engagements, execute numerous commissions in town, and in case of an omission on my Sunday visits, I was sure to find that he had suffered great inconvenience, had been three or four days without biscuits, had heard it was a good time to buy coals, and intended that I should have ordered them. In this way we continued some years, during which time I often found my situation very irksome. But regard for my dear friend, and the knowledge of how useful I was to him, reconciled me. Besides, he had no relations, his health was going, and I was the only friend on whom he could rely to see him decently laid in the grave. What a desolate situation for my poor dear friend; no—I could not leave him. At length he was taken ill, and on this occasion scarcely ever suffered me to quit his bed-side, and on his recovery, which he imputed in a great degree, to my attention, I became more bound to him than ever. Every fresh cold, or rheumatic twinge cost me a journey, and taxed my poor pocket pretty severely for little delicacies, for which he expressed the utmost gratefulness. He often told me, that when he was dead and gone, I should find he had not forgotten my kind attention. Poor dear man—such hints were too much for my delicate susceptibility. However I gradually began to reconcile myself to the belief, that whenever it should please the Almighty to gather my dear friend to his fathers, the bulk of his very pretty property, would be forced into my possession—once I detected myself—heaven forgive! contemplating certain alterations and improvements in the doors and windows of the house: I had almost made up my mind to re-model a serpentine walk, and the summer house in the garden. I one day too, asked Mr. Smith, a gentleman who owned a small paddock adjoining it, at what price he would part with it. I never shall forget the peculiar look he eyed me with as I asked the question: I cannot understand even now what he meant by the look. But Smith was a remarkably ill-bred man.

My friend though strictly punctual and honest in his general transactions, was certainly fond of hoarding. He would frequently desire me to bring him fish, and other little things, many of which he would quite forget to pay me for, and I was poor, very poor. Although sometimes, I could not be otherwise, than nettled at his meanness; still, the reflection that my dear friend had, perhaps, my ultimate interest at heart, checked all irritable feeling. I must say that at times I speculated respecting the nature of his will, but I always checked such interested feelings as quite unworthy the sincere friendship I bore him. In short about two years from this period, during which my visits became still more constant, I, in fact, neglected every other connexion, and lived entirely with my respected friend—he alas! coming to town on a raw foggy morning, to receive his dividend, took cold; which, settling in his chest, threat-

ened the most serious consequences. I was indefatigable in my attentions to him, day and night. I procured him the most able medical advice, ransacked the markets for the choicest dainties, and endeavoured by every action to show that I was utterly regardless of expence, or inconvenience, to add to his comforts. He expressed his gratitude for my anxiety, and his fears that the sacrifices I made on his account would be injurious to me, and thanked heaven for sending him so faithful and considerate a friend to comfort him in his last hours. At length he died in my arms, he breathed his last—blessing me with his latest sigh.

For some time I was inconsolable—overwhelmed with sorrow and regret, and tears of grief fell from my eyes. Indeed, no other sentiment could, for some time, find its way into my bosom. I only remembered his virtues, his selfishness I forgot.

However, the affairs of life claimed my attention—I was now in an enviable state of affluence—I could at length indulge in the benevolence of my nature—visions of what might be my future course of life began to intrude. I candidly confess that the next day the feeling of regret for my dead friend was somewhat alleviated by the pleasure attendant on the brilliant alterations in my circumstances. I accordingly waited on Mr. Fingerpenny, my poor deceased friend's solicitor, with whom his will was deposited, and made him acquainted with my lamentable bereavement. After condoling with me, and saying how highly the deceased had always spoken of me, he suggested the expediency of putting my seal, with his own, on the papers and effects, until after the funeral, it having been my friend's particular desire that I should do so, and that the arrangements should be left entirely to my management, which he had no doubt the executors would find perfectly satisfactory. I found that the Rev. Mr. Closeturn, and Cornelius Touchfee, Esq., M.D., of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, gentlemen of the highest honour and respectability, were appointed executors. I could not but feel this trait of delicacy on the part of my poor friend. Had he named me executor, envious people might have found something to say, knowing my situation with regard to him in his last moments.

The next day, the gentlemen, with Mr. M. and myself met. After regretting with me the loss, and passing a high eulogium on their deceased friend, they begged me to undertake the necessary arrangements for the funeral, provide the servants with mourning, and see every thing done that was necessary. I was determined to do every thing in the best manner, and told my friend Betty, the housekeeper, as she had been so many years with her poor dear master, to get for her mourning dress the very best bombazine she could find, and Betty having remarked that a bombazine gown would not match well with worsted stockings, I even went so far as to treat her with a handsome pair of silk out of my own pocket. I remember, poor thing, in the midst of sobbing, she asked me whether I intended keeping on the house, and if so, whether I was suited with a housekeeper?

At length the day fixed on for the funeral arrived, when some old acquaintances, the two executors, the man of the law, and the medical attendants, who, according to etiquette, generally squeeze them-

selves in, with myself, attended. The employment incidental to those preparations had hitherto kept my mind employed; but when, for the last time, I went to gaze on the departed, the recollections of the many hours we had passed together, and the thought that in a few days, or at utmost a few years, I should be like him, cold—desolate—dead, and perhaps without even *one* being to weep over, or regret me, overpowered my feelings, and I sat silent beside his coffin until told the procession was arranged.

On our return the all important task of opening the will took place. Of course I could not be indifferent to its contents, but I endeavoured to assume as disinterested an air as possible. I was fearful lest any portion of my conduct might betray an improper feeling of exultation or triumph. I bore the covert congratulations of my friends with an easy indifference, and talked on indifferent subjects to the moment of opening the document. At length Mr. Fingerpenny having opened the document, commenced reading. I could scarcely breathe, for though I knew my poor friend was rich, I did not know the amount of his property. After all the appointments, ordering the sale of all his property, payment of all just debts, funeral expenses, &c., he went on:—"I give and bequeath to the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, 30,000*l.*!!!" My heart swelled; Fingerpenny proceeded; "to the British and Foreign Bible Society, 10,000*l.*!!" I thought I should have burst. Fool! fool! I muttered—my blood boiled—my teeth chattered—a faintness and deafness came over me: at length I caught my own name, and I rallied. He may be richer than I thought, passed over my mind; I may have judged too hastily. How I trembled and gasped when he read,—“To my old and much valued friend, in memorial of an intimacy that has subsisted so many years, and with so much happiness to both, A HANDSOME MOURNING RING, with the BANK NOTE FOR 50*l.*, No. 5422, now in my desk.

A giddiness overcame me. I heard at intervals the words, “All—remainder—residue—property—wheresoever—whatsoever—trust—purpose—herein-mentioned,” said Executors, Build Hospital, Bible Society. My brain whirled; I felt a parching thirst, and tottering to the sideboard, I attempted to drink a glass of wine, for my tongue clove to my mouth. I tried to speak, but could not. I could stay no longer. I left the apartment. I hurried through the passage, and in a few moments was in the open air. Had I remained another minute, I should have choked.

My mind was chaos. I knew not whither I walked or ran, or which way I went. I was far on my way to London; and a chilling darkness had come over me before I recollected the strangeness and abruptness of my departure. I paused, and thought to myself I will not show *them* what I suffer, and I turned for that purpose; but no—I could not face the sneers of my friends. I again turned my face to town, and hurried to lodgings.

The remainder of that week I scarcely ate, drank, or slept. Passion, disappointment, and lethargy, alternately succeeded each other, until the ensuing Sunday. This was the first Sunday, for many years, I had passed in town. I dressed myself, but had no where

to go. I attempted a book, but I could not read; I saw nothing in its pages, but—hospital—bible society—trust—purpose, &c. &c. I quite recoiled at the air of gloom and desertion around me. Hurrying towards the more crowded parts of town, I called to memory my friend Catchflat, in the Borough, and determined to give him a call. After expressing some surprise at seeing me,

“Well,” said he, “your old friend has gone at last, and made a strange sort of a will, I hear; hang it—I thought you were all right there;—did you overcharge him in some grocery, or did you neglect his fleecy hosiery by the 9th of November?” and the savage laughed. I begged him not to treat the subject with so much levity, as I was really much hurt. “Hurt! ah,—so you may be, after dancing after him so many years, to get nothing.”

“Don’t talk so; it was friendship induced me to the sacrifices I made; and he has left me 50*l*.”

“What! *has* he left you fifty! Come, come, you’re better off than I expected.” From others I received similar inquiries, condolence, and sneers, until I was almost tired of my life.

In a short time, Mr. M. called on me, to know what necessary disbursements I had made on account of my deceased friend. In a week I received that amount, without comment or legacy; I made up my mind to wait the twelve months without any application, and then, if an occasion offered, to shew my feelings to them pretty plainly. I accordingly waited with calmness until that time had expired, when, having heard that Mr. M. had paid the legacies, I called upon him. He seemed greatly surprised that I had not received mine, and told me that the executors had taken the papers out of his hands some time ago. Upon this I wrote to them, stating that I requested immediate payment.

In a short time I received a letter, informing me that the papers and affairs were in the hands of Mr. Graball, Gray’s Inn Buildings, and, on application to him, any *legal* claim I might have would be promptly attended to. I went to Mr. G.’s chambers with the feelings of a dog, who snaps the bone and worries the giver. He received me with much politeness, requested me to be seated, and informed me he had received a letter from the executors upon my business,—and then went on to tell me that he had been on terms of intimacy with them for a number of years, and that more high-minded and honourable men did not exist, and that it was inconceivable the immense number of trusts they were concerned for, and the very great satisfaction they had always given to every party with whom they had transactions. Untying, unfolding, and mumbling over the will, he said, with a smile,

“Your deceased friend speaks of you, in very high terms, very high terms indeed, sir. I hear you was somewhat disappointed at the contents of this will; and that you expected the bulk of the property would have been bequeathed to yourself. Singular!” he continued, without noticing the rage which devoured me. “Strange, indeed! Your friend merely devises you the fifty pound note, No. 5422. Ah! Ah!—now the executors say, that no such note ever came into their possession.”

"Well," I answered, "what then; they had plenty of other fifty pound notes."

"True, my dear sir," he replied, "that might be, but as your esteemed friend leaves you, d'ye see, *not* a *legacy* of fifty pounds, but this one individual particular note, No. five, four, two, two—now you must prove that the executors had possession of it, before you can recover it."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to deprive me of this paltry right, by a quibble?"

"Quibble, sir," he answered haughtily, and rising from his chair, "both myself and the executors, are men of too high a character, sir, to descend to quibbling; if any thing is wrong, it is in the will, sir, and not with us. I wish you a very good day."

Burning with rage and vexation, I hurried to my solicitor, who recommended me to trace the note, at the Bank of England, where on application, I found it was paid in by Mr. L. Do-the-world, the stock-broker, with other monies, in part purchase of 300*l.* Navy Five per cent. on account of my deceased friend, a few months after the making of his will, and with his other property, had been taken possession of by his executors.

Here, to me, was a clear case of fraudulently withholding on the part of the executors, and I desired my man of law to proceed against them forthwith. He, however, suggested the expediency of taking counsel's opinion; nothing appeared to me more unnecessary, I however told him, to take what steps he thought proper, but not, on any account to lose time, or submit to compromise, as I was determined to expose this dishonourable quibble to the world, and spoil the business of my reverend friend, and his companion, the Doctor. This retaliation was sweet to me. He promised dispatch, and, for a time, my brain was filled with points of law, consultations, settling of briefs, &c. &c. Never were my spirits so buoyant; the case was clear—if they had not the money, they had the money's worth. The equity was indisputable, and the devil himself could not suppose there was such a difference between law and equity, as to place me in the wrong box. Alas! The learned counsel, after many learned quotations, was of opinion that

"The action could not be sustained, inasmuch as the deceased had left to his dear and much valued friend, one specified article, in form, number, and value, as aforesaid; and *afterwards*, by himself, or those acting under his own immediate controul or direction, had applied to other than the purposes so specified, the said article, in form, number, and value, as aforesaid, the said trust, devise, or bequest doth become null and void, no proviso being made for or against such let, lapse, or exigency," &c. &c.

This was accompanied by a long bill and note from my solicitor, saying, "that after an opinion given by so very eminent a counsel, and the trouble he had taken to ascertain the grounds, he was afraid it was useless to proceed; and that when I had examined the items, I should oblige him by letting him have the amount of his bill, by return of post, as the costs were principally out of pocket. The bill was very long and very thick, but the figures were very plain. The

attendances and consultations, very numerous; and although I never received or sent a single letter, but that enclosing the bill, the postage was very large. My account, in this transaction, stood thus: I gained disappointment and a mourning ring. I lost time which will not return; many sums of money laid out, as I thought, at interest, on my dear friend, during my intimacy with him; and 44*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for a lawyer's bill, to discharge which very nearly ruined me. I was cured of legacies and law; and my example may, I hope, prove a warning to all young and aspiring toad-eaters, to beware how they place their trust in one of their own profession; for, my dear friend, I believe I mentioned, gained his fortune by toad-eating to his uncle. Adopt as your maxim, never to trust one of your class.

Your well wisher,

TOADY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL.

No. I.

THE INDIANS.

EVERY country and every age has beheld some science the object of preference; while others languished in a state of contempt.—Mathematics and dialectics, under the successors of Alexander—eloquence and politics, under the Roman republic—History and poetry, in the age of Augustus—grammar and jurisprudence, under the lower empire—the philosophy of the schools, in the 13th century—belles-lettres, to the middle of the 17th century—have, in turn, commanded the admiration of mankind. Physics and mathematics are now on the throne; and what distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is now thought of circumnavigating the globe, as, fifty years ago, of making the tour of our own island. Your very cockney aspires now-a-days to the character of a Marco Polo, and may be seen Byronising by moonlight, amid the ruins of the Coliseum, or exciting the scorn of the Hungarian, by an exhibition of his horsemanship, on the Prater at Vienna. But no one, in this locomotive era, ought to be admitted to the rank of a traveller, who has not pic-nic'd at the foot of the Great Pyramid—shot kangaroos on the plains of Australia—taken a cup of bear's milk with the Emperor of China—or, should he rather choose the western hemisphere for the theatre of his operations, he must have played the champolion, amid the ruins of Cuzco—have eaten, after a hard day's ostrich hunting, *carne con cuero*, with the Guacha on the Pampas, or have partaken of a fricassee of parrots, or the leg of a devil'd monkey, with an Indian chief, on the banks of the mighty Amazon—then, indeed, he may be considered as a travelled man. Such were the reflections that shot through my mind, as I strolled down Bond Street, towards the close of the season, in the year 1826. All the world were migrating; I caught the infec-

tion, and only six months afterwards, was wandering amid the virgin forests of Brazil: in that short space of time I had travelled back from the culminating points to the first line in the scale of civilization. With this point few of my readers are probably acquainted; a short description, therefore, of the magnificence of a tropical forest, and an account of its wild inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

Those primeval forests, which stand in all their original wildness, still unprofaned by the hands of man, are called in Brazil, virgin forests. In them, European coolness refreshes the wanderer, and at the same time presents him with the spectacle of the most luxuriant profusion; the never-ceasing power of vegetation makes the trees shoot up to a majestic height, while on every stem a new creation of the brightest garlands of the most beautiful parasite climbing plants are seen gracefully festooned. Instead of the uniform poverty of species in the forests of Europe, there is here an infinite diversity in the forms of stems, leaves, and blossoms. Every one of these sovereigns of the forests is contradistinguished from its neighbour. First, the jacaranda tree attracts the eye by the brightness of its feathered leaves; the large gold coloured flowers of this tree, and the ipé, dazzle by their splendour, and form a splendid contrast with the dark green foliage. Next comes the silk cotton tree, which spreads out its long arms at a great height from the ground. The anda, on the other hand, shoots out its branches, profusely covered with leaves, but which unite to form a verdant arcade. The lofty trumpet tree, the smooth grey stem of which rises, slightly bending, to a considerable height, and spreads out at the top like the mouth of that warlike instrument; the flowering *cesalpina*, the airy laurel, the lofty *geoffrea*, the soap trees, with their shining leaves, the graceful cedar, the beautiful palm, the garlic pear tree, and a thousand others not yet described, are mingled confusedly together, forming groups contrasted by the diversity of their forms and tints. Here and there the dark crown of the fir among the lighter green, appears like a stranger amid the natives of the tropics, while the beautiful coconut tree towers above them all, and high in the clear blue sky, forms an incomparable ornament to the forest, unrivalled for its majesty and beauty.

If the eye of the traveller turns from the proud forms of those ancient denizens of the forest, to the more humble and lower, which clothe the ground with a rich verdure, it is delighted with the splendour and gay variety of the flowers, and his mind is filled with delight and astonishment at the majestic sight. The repose and silence of these woods, interrupted only by the buzz of the gay *beja flor*, and the singular notes of unknown birds and insects, produces an effect impossible to describe.

But the animal kingdom which people these ancient forests, are no less distinguished than the vegetable world. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illumined by the dazzling rays of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action a different race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the chattering of monkeys, the shrill cry of the *pi-py-o*, the deep notes

of the tree frogs, the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day: the wasps leave their long nests, that hang down from the branches; the ants issue from their curious dwellings; the gay butterflies, rivalling in splendour the gorgeous rainbow, are seen fluttering from flower to flower; myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air, and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green leaves. Meantime agile lizards, remarkable for their form, size, and brilliant colours, dark-coloured serpents, which excel in splendour the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the hollows of trees, and creeping up the stems, bask in the morning sun, and lie in wait for insects and birds. From this moment all is life and activity; squirrels, troops of monkeys, leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree; the green, blue, and red parrots fill the air with their screams; birds of the most gorgeous plumage, flutter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes, and the beautiful toneau rattles with his hollow bill, and in loud plaintive notes, calls for rain.

But the sun has now attained its meridian height, and all the denizens of the woods seek the balmy repose of the siesta; an appalling silence succeeds to the previous charivari—undisturbed by the sight or voice of living thing—save one, which adds to the solemn impression.—Among the highest trees, and in the deepest recesses of the forests, a sound is heard that strikes you as something supernatural—the sound is metallic, sometimes resembling the distant tolling of a convent bell. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arapunga (solitary bird), a small white bird, about the size of a pigeon; but which, though constantly heard, is seldom seen. About two hours past noon, the busy orioles creep out of their long nests, to visit the orange trees; the fly-catchers, sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the tree with rapid flight on their prey. Above all these strange sounds, the joyous notes of the nightingale breaks with sweet effect on the ear, while the woodpecker makes the distant forests resound, while he pecks the bark from the tree. Thus every living creature, by its action and voice, greets the splendour of the day; the delicate humming birds, rivalling in beauty and lustre the diadems of monarchs, hover round the brightest flowers. But now sinks the sun—

“ Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But in one blaze of living light.
With dirk-like bottle, target red,
He rushes to his ocean bed,
Ploughs the broad wave with sudden light,
Then sinks at once, and all is night !”

No curfew, in the woods, tolls the hour of parting day; but the period is announced by a very simple and beautiful circumstance:—amid the solemn stillness, the soft repose that marks the decline of day, the ave-maria beetle, with its silver wings, issues forth, and proclaims the hour of vespers, by winding his silver horn. The Brazilian hunter looks upon this insect as the herald of the Virgin, sent to

announce the time of her prayer ; and on the death-like stillness of the forest, the evening hymn now breaks with beautiful effect—

“ Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Ave Maria ! Day is declining ;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.”

AVE MARIA ORA PRO NOS.

And now the vampire-bats, eager for their nightly meal, are seen flitting about, their horrid forms thrown out in strong relieve, by the scintillations of myriads of fire-flies, that fly about like *ignis fatui*, while the moon rises in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, radiantly tipping with silver the graceful tops of the cocoa-nut trees, and bathing in a flood of light the wood-crowned heights of the lake, or river, in the lustrous bosom of which, are reflected the magnificent constellations of the southern hemisphere. Insensible, indeed, must he be, who can gaze unmoved on such a scene as this.

It is in these forests that we behold our fellow man in his primitive state, even as he was at the birth of creation. The names of the Brazil tribes are scarcely known in Europe but to the Portuguese, who divided all the savage tribes of Brazil into two classes, viz. :—Those who inhabit the sea-coast, who are somewhat civilized, and who are called Caboclos, or Indias Mansos, domesticated Indians ; and those of the interior, still in a state of the rudest barbarism, styled Topayos, or “ Indias bravos.” The former, when the Europeans discovered the country, inhabited the sea-coast, and were divided into numerous tribes, who did not materially differ in manners and language ; they all fattened up their prisoners, killed them on some great festival with a club, beautifully ornamented with feathers, and then devoured them. As their language was spoken along the whole extent of coast, from Para to St. Paulo, it was called the *lingua geroel*, and in fact it is the language that has given names to all the animals, plants, rivers, &c. in Brazil.*

The first class, according to this division, having changed their mode of life, have necessarily lost their original character. But this observation does not apply to the Topauyas, who still live in a state of nature, and are divided into several tribes, who are distributed over the vast Empire of Brazil, in the following order :—In Minas Geraes, Ceroados, Coropos, Puris, Botocudos, Macuanis. In Bahia and Porto Leguro, Machacolis, Capoxos, Catauyos, Carires, Sabujos, Cacamacaens, Masacaros, Province of Peauli, Grecos. Of Para and Rio Negro, Apoyencecros, Purecameraens, Muras, Mundrucas, Mancixos, Canna Merim, Passes, Quri, Tocana, Tapuga, Marania Juri, Tapoca, Cutenos, Catuquinos, Uarucu, Tupenambros. Like the

* The Jesuit Vasconsellos, in his *Noticias Curiosas do Brazils*, mentions that such was the passion of the Indians to partake of the flesh of their enemies, that when there was not sufficient to give a small portion to each of the tribe, broth was made of the flesh to make it go farther.

natives of some parts of Africa, the Indians of Brazil have neither a systematic form of religion or priests. Whether they have any notion of a Soul it is difficult to ascertain, but that they believe in existence after death is evident by the custom that prevails among some of the tribes the Puris, Coroados, and Botocudos, of laying beside a corpse game and other food, for its subsistence on the journey it is about to make. The Paes, who in every horde rank next to the chiefs, are considered to possess superhuman knowledge and power, but they are only conjurors and doctors, who traffic in charms, without practising any thing which, in the slightest degree, approaches the ceremonies of religious worship. In fact, the Indians appear to acknowledge no God, but only an evil principle which sometimes, they say, crosses their path in the form of a lizard, of a crocodile, an ounce, or some monstrous creation of their own imagination. But the skill of these Paes in interpreting dreams, and well as their pretended supernatural powers, gives them a high political importance. No public resolution is ever taken without their consent; they are equally consulted in all private affairs, and are consequently acquainted with the secrets of the whole community. Trained, from earliest infancy, to the exercise of these distinguished functions, and tried by a long noviciate of solitude, abstinence, and penance, they are at length admitted, with certain solemn formalities, as duly qualified members of the order. They boast of carrying on an intercourse with a superior agency, of having witches acting under their direction, and sometimes give out that they are guided by a supreme chief, whose sanctity and spiritual perfection enables him to remain in the most inaccessible fortresses of the mountains, far from the abodes of men, where he carries on an uninterrupted intercourse with the great spirit of evil. But whoever is suspected of practising superhuman acts in order to harm his neighbours, becomes an object of hatred to the whole tribe. The Paes very frequently turn this horror of sorcery to their own advantage, by imputing its effects to their rivals, as for instance when disease obstinately resists the conjurations of one of these doctors, he gives his patient to understand that he is bewitched by the charms of some rival juggler, and the supposed culprit is almost certain to be assassinated either by the friends of the sick person, or by an immediate order from the chief.

With the exception of the *Mouras*, a wandering tribe, and who may be considered as the aboriginal gipsies of Brazil, there is not a single horde who can be said to be entirely ignorant of the art of agriculture. Each tribe has its own hunting territory well defined by conventional limits, known to all. Wherever a tribe or family takes up their abode for a time, they have their fields which are cultivated by the women, for the benefit of the community. Their huts are built upon the bare ground, supported by four posts, twelve or fifteen feet high, and from thirty to forty long; the walls are formed of thin laths, covered with leaves, or sometimes plastered with clay, opening on both sides with moveable doors, made of polen leaves, with which material the roof is also covered. The huts and their utensils are considered as private property, but certain ideas of a common possession prevails even for these objects, as a single hut is

often occupied by more than one family—thus in every one of them there are, in different parts of the floor, hearths for the several families residing in it. Hammocks, made of grass or of cotton threads, which at once supply the place of beds and tables, suspended from posts round the huts, about a foot from the ground, are the chief articles of furniture. Some earthen pots, some baskets of polen leaves, filled with *micho* or *farenha de mandirea*—drinking vessels, pots containing the *genepopa* dye, and a hollow trunk of a tree, for pounding *milho* in, constitute their household furniture. The walls are generally covered with the different weapons for war or the chase; the latter, with his pipe and hammock, are in fact the only objects which can strictly be reputed as the real property of an individual. Theft is almost unknown among them. The death of a relation leaves to his family the use of all he possessed, but the idea of accumulating property, or in fact of any thing whatever beyond a provision for their most immediate and pressing wants, never enters into the head of an Indian. Objects of a particular utility, or ornaments of extraordinary beauty, have alone the power of tempting the Brazilian to steal. Should he be taken in the fact, he is obliged to restore the objects purloined, and is punished with stripes. On these occasions, the chief often takes a prominent part in the infliction of the punishment. Ornaments, principally trophies of skill or bravery, are the most prized, and the most seductive offers would not induce a *Muranei* to part with a necklace of *Jaquaar's* teeth, the monument of his skill and bravery in the chase. However, these precious objects are sometimes deposited as pledges for the fulfilment of a promise, and a chaplet of human teeth, the cranium of an enemy slain in battle, or the stone, or round piece of wood inserted, by way of ornament, in the ears or lower lip, are sometimes left as guarantees by a Brazilian chief whenever he wishes to convince his ally of his firm resolution of fulfilling an engagement.

These Indians are acquainted with no other mode of traffic than that of barter, but those who have most intercourse with the Europeans, are beginning to form stores of the articles most in request. The *Manhé* manufactures bows of red wood—(*pas d'arco*)—and prepares the *quarari* paste, of which their utensils are made; the *Mandracu* fabricates various ornaments, with feathers of different colours; the *Murania* women make, from the fibres of the palm-tree, hammocks which are sent for sale down to *Surinam*, and *Essequibo*; in fact, the major part of the Indian tribes on the *Amazon* and its tributaries, carry on a trade in the *Farinha de Mandioca*. Several kind of beans serve as a circulating medium. Loans and deposits are the only sort of engagements of which they have any notion. Provisions are sometimes though rarely borrowed, and security given for the payment. When they are disposed to traffic with one another, they lay aside their arms, and on striking a bargain, each contracting party proceeds, with measured steps, to regain his arms, putting on a fierce look, in order to shew that they are ready to have recourse to arms to enforce, if necessary, the conditions of the treaty; this is not the only symbolical act observed by them, for when they wish to corroborate an oath they thrust one hand into their hair, or hold it up above their heads.

They never take the hand as a mark of friendship, but rub their noses together ; they also clap their hands together as a mark of satisfaction whenever they conclude an affair. The master of a hut receives a stranger lolling in his hammock, and makes a sign to him to partake of the common repast ; and when the head of a family removes the pipe from his mouth, and presents it his guest, the latter may rest assured that it is a sacred pledge of hospitality that is never violated. A lance fixed in the earth, on the frontiers of a territory, with a notch made in the feathers, are emblems of war.

The animal kingdom furnishes the Indians in the immense forests of Brazil with an abundant supply of game ; but what they bring in is regarded as the common property of the whole family ; and therefore it is buried, in order that the women may go into the wood and bring it home when wanted. When several Indians go out together the game belongs to the hunter who brings it down. No one can make use of the arms of another, especially of the *Sar-bocanna*, (shooting trunk) which is supposed to be polluted by coming in contact with the lips of a stranger. Hunting parties are frequent, in order to destroy wild animals and monkeys ; the latter is looked upon by the Indians as the most delicate food, and in fact there are some species that in tenderness and flavour are superior to a hare. They roast them on a spit before a fire, and as the structure and skeleton of these animals so closely resemble that of a human being, the idea may have arisen that human flesh is their habitual food. Not that these savages are free from the reproach of cannibalism, but it is certain that it does not proceed from any partiality to that horrid excess, but solely to satisfy their thirst for vengeance.

Marriage is unaccompanied by any religious ceremony, the woman whom a man selects as his companion is formally purchased from her parents, without her inclination being even consulted, and becomes from that moment the slave of her husband. Monogamy is the most ordinary state, although polygamy is not forbidden. The first wife has generally a kind of supremacy over all the rest in the domestic affairs. The husband rarely treats his wives with kindness, and keeps them in the most abject state of subjection. These savages often ally themselves to weaker tribes, with the view of engaging their wives' relations to come and settle among them, and by that means to augment the number of their warriors. Among the *Guancurus* the women speak a language different to that of the men : this may perhaps arise from their being settled in a conquered country, the male inhabitants of which have been all exterminated. To obtain a wife by forcibly carrying her off is a very general practice among them. A stoical indifference to both pleasure and pain is the principal type of masculine virtue among all the tribes of Brazil, as with those of North America ; for this reason, in some of them the husband abstains from cohabiting with his wife for a certain period, and very frequently, the *Paes*, like the feudal barons of the middle ages enjoy "*le droit du Seigneur*"—on the new married woman.

The degrees of hinderance to marriage vary considerably, but to

marry a sister or a niece is looked upon as infamous ; the Tupis, and their ancestors the Zupenambus did not openly permit it, and the Yamoës, who inhabit the banks of the Amazon, do not permit marriages amongst members of the same community, whom they consider as relative of blood, although no real affinity can be proved.

As among all savage tribes, the woman is entirely at the disposition of the man who marries her. He offers her person to strangers, and sometimes he lends her to another, and may, if it pleases, repudiate her. Adultery is held to be only criminal on the part of the woman, and is frequently punished by death. Infanticide is common, the Guaccarurus never rear a child until they have attained their thirtieth year. Some of the tribes are said to even bury alive their female children. As soon as the woman has been delivered, the husband, in some of the tribes, takes to his hammock, and receives the visits of his friends, as if he were really sick ; the woman, on the other hand, when the moment of the birth approaches, goes into the wood and carefully conceals herself from the light of the moon. The navel strings are torn or bitten asunder, and immediately after she goes into the stream and attends to her household concerns as if nothing had happened. Infants are sometimes kept at the breast till they are five years old. The father rarely manifests any thing that approaches to paternal affection : until the age of puberty the child is entirely at his disposition ; but on attaining the age of fourteen or fifteen he is declared to have reached the age of manhood, receives a new name, and becomes master of his own actions. The ceremonies on these occasions are extremely singular ; they are symbolical of courage and intrepidity, and of their insensibility to pain and horror of their enemies. Among the Passes the chief announces to the tribe that his son is capable of bearing arms, by making a deep incision in his breast with a parrot's bill. The daughters remain with their parents until they are married. Education is unknown among them, the father allowing the children to do just as they please. Sometimes widows disinter the bones of their husbands, clean and preserve them. Orphans are sometimes allowed to perish with hunger. In several tribes they kill the old and infirm, to rid them of an existence become a burden to them. Formerly, among the Tupis, when the Paie gave over a patient, he advised the friends to put an end to his sufferings, and the body was eaten.

The *Lex Taliones* is firmly established among all the aboriginal tribes of Brazil. Prisoners of war are generally put to death, after suffering the most refined torture, in which the women are the principal actors.

When blood has by accident or premeditatedly been spilt by a member of the same tribe, the chief may insist upon the family of the deceased receiving a compensation.

Abandoned by tradition and all historical records, the inquirer has nothing left him but to observe the external form of these people, their customs, and their language, in order from those particulars to determine their rank among other races of mankind, and their general degree of civilization.

The colour of the Brazilian Indians varies from a dark red, brown,

to yellowish white. Some of them, the '*Botoculos*,' are nearly white, and among this tribe blue eyes are by no means uncommon. They are all of middling stature, with broad shoulders, strongly built, but without any appearance of muscle; in fact, a general conformation of features and person more or less characterises them all—such as a small forehead, a round flat Tartar face, thick lips, flat nose, small black eyes, with thick lank black hair, that has not the slightest tendency to curl. At the first aspect, the Aboriginal Brazilian, appears to be mild and innocent, but on a more attentive view one discovers in his countenance something wild, distrustful, and sudden. All the Brazil tribes go quite naked, and paint their bodies with the die of the Jenepapos and the Racron tree; the latter is of a bright red colour, and imparts a ferocious expression to the countenance. The body is painted sometimes entirely black, and at others, all white and half-black; but the custom that exists among some of them of mutilating the countenance is extraordinary, and gives them an expression of which no description can adequately convey an idea. Thus the Botocodas make a incision in the lower lip, and in the lobe of the ears, into which they insert round pieces of wood, by which means the lower lip is brought up to the tip of the nose, and the ears are distended to the very shoulders. Nothing can be more hideous than the appearance of the Botocuda when he removes this singular ornament, for it then hangs down and discovers the lower teeth. The Mouras insert on each side of the upper lip two large Onza teeth, which have the appearance of natural tusks, while another is fixed in the chin, and hangs down like the imperial of a modern dandy. The Maxurunas, a tribe who live on the banks of the Javari, in the Capatania of Grand Para, near the borders of Peru, tattoo the face, on each side of the nose, and in the lobe of the ears round pieces of wood are fixed; the lips are also tattooed with the thorns of the palm tree, and at each angle of the mouth a large Arara feather is stuck. The Juris again dye the face blue from the mouth upwards to the eyes. The Juris Topocas wear beautiful ornaments made of feathers, arranged in the most picturesque manner; and round their necks a profusion of necklaces made with the teeth of wild animals.

Although there is a striking resemblance among all the Brazilian tribes in respect to their genius, character, manners, and particular customs, as similar as though they formed but one nation; the greatest diversity of language, on the other hand, exists among them. This is extremely remarkable, as they are not dialects of certain original languages, for so widely do they differ, that the Indians of different tribes do not understand each other; they are all extremely imperfect in their structure, extending only to the denomination of such objects as strike their organs of vision, but incapable of expressing any abstract idea. It is to this cause that we have remained so singularly in the dark respecting the Aborigines of Brazil, for such is the imperfection of their language that it is impossible to elicit any satisfactory information from them.

The temperament of the Indian is almost wholly undeveloped, and appears as phlegm: all the powers of the soul, and the more refined pleasures of the senses are in a state of lethargy. Insensible to

the pleasure of the palate, fond of animal food, he is in general abstemious, obeying only the calls of nature, without regard to time; but, on the other hand, he is addicted to ardent liquors, and drinks to excess. The quantity of strong rum or brandy that we have seen an Indian drink is surprising. Naturally taciturn, when not engaged in the pursuits of the chase, he sleeps, or will sit for hours with his eyes fixed on the ground. His chief attention is directed to the moon, to whose influence he attributes all the phenomena of nature, by the varying phases of which he calculates time, and from which he deduces good or evil: the former passes without notice, it is the latter that can only make any impression upon his almost insensible nature. All his faculties appear concentrated on one object, self preservation; almost incapable of distinguishing the past from the future, he has no foresight for the morrow. A stranger to gratitude, to ambition, to all the nobler passions of the mind; obtuse, reserved, sunk in indifference to every thing but war and the chase; cold and indolent in his domestic relations, he follows mere animal instinct, and his love for his wife shews itself only by his jealousy, which with revenge are the only passions that can arouse his stunted soul from its natural state of morbid indifference. Accustomed to continual wandering in the forests, having his perceptions sharpened by keen necessity, and living in every respect according to nature, his external senses have a degree of acuteness, which at first sight appears incredible. Of all the arms of savage tribes on the face of the globe, the colossal bow of the Brazilian is the most formidable. They are from seven to eight feet long, made of a red wood (*pao de arco*); their arrows are of three kinds, either for the chase or war, and are made of a reed (*taquarassu*). The skill with which they use this formidable weapon is astonishing, nothing escapes them, not even the most diminutive object. The nations who live on the banks of the Amazon and Kis-Negro, in addition to the bow, use clubs, and the jarbacanna (shooting trunk), through which they propel a small poisoned arrow, to a distance of forty or fifty yards. The poison in which the arrow is dipped is so subtle that death instantaneously ensues, though, notwithstanding its deadly nature, game killed by it may be eaten without the slightest danger. The preparation of this poison is a secret known only to the Indians of that part of Brazil. In the eastern and southern parts of the empire poisoned arms are unknown. The Indians who have formed the subject of this paper are chiefly those who live on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries. The only Topuyos tribes in the southern parts are the Coroodos, Puris, and Botocudos, and these, as civilization advances westward, are gradually retreating farther back into the interior.

The rude barbarism of the Brazilian Indians, when compared with the advanced state of civilization in which the Spaniards found the Peruvians, has given rise to many ingenious theories. It has been remarked that the savage nations of an insular territory are more rapidly civilized than those of a continent, because, circumscribed by territory, they are sooner obliged to abandon the chase and turn their attention to agriculture. It was to physical causes, different in their nature but similar in their operation, that we may attribute the high

degree of civilization attained by the Peruvians, compared with that of the rest of the inhabitants of that continent; they were enchained in their vallies by the mountain barrier of the Andes, and thus instead of hunters became agriculturists. But the Brazilian Indian was not so confined, and he continues to this day to wander through the boundless forests, over the vast pampas of his country, and to defy the inroads of civilization. Such is his love for this life of savage independence that many of those who have been taken, and instructed by the Portuguese in all the arts of civilized life, have after a time escaped, and resumed their former state of savage independence. On the past history of these Indians there hangs a mystery that appears to be for ever closed against human investigation. Like every other people on the globe they are said to have some tradition of an universal deluge. But not the slightest land marks exists to guide us in our researches, for the only monuments of these children of nature are their simple huts, so slight and perishable in materials that at the expiration of five or six months not a trace is left that the spot he once occupied was the habitation of man *.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

"ANOTHER victim!" I uttered involuntarily, as looking through a window which commanded a view of the principal entrance to the prison, I observed a crowd who, with the shouts of "*pain ou sang*," were dragging some unfortunate man to confinement, preparatory to his final *debut* on the scaffold.

I saw a man cross the street, of whose purpose my heart misgave me. This was an individual named Canve, for whom my brother and me had interested ourselves. He had received numberless favours from us; we had, therefore, every reason to dread his enmity.

It was as I conjectured; a few minutes after I remarked his approach in our direction, we were startled by a loud battering at the door.

"Open your door!" thundered the ruffian; "*Je te donnerai les raisons ensuite.*" I, of course, refused.

"Ah! ah!" he shouted, with a demoniac laugh, "you shall see me return shortly, and then—" He did not wait to conclude the sentence, but hurried away, evidently with the intention of seeking assistance. When he had departed I turned towards my sister, who, pale with surprise and fear, stood by me, and requested her to see to the immediate collection of our plate, jewels, and money. This done, we took the boxes in which we had packed them, and carrying them

* Some years ago the Captain-general of Maranham sent a young Indian of the Geico tribe to Lisbon, where he was educated at the Collegia des Nobres; but on his return to Brazil he shortly after disappeared, and fled once more back to the scenes of his childhood.

into the wood-cellar, we dropped them into a hole which was fortunately found there, and covering the spot with wood, we returned to wait the threatened return of Canve, and his band of ruffians.

We were fortunate in completing our task, for scarcely had we composed ourselves after our hasty labour, when the door with one blow was shattered to pieces, and in rushed Canve, accompanied by four men, all armed.

"We have come," answered Canve, who appeared to act as the leader, "to search your house for a man called Le Cour." (The husband of my youngest sister, who was at this moment lying ill at our country seat.) Saying this, and without further remark, they rushed past us.

Expecting that in the course of their search they would visit my chamber, I repaired to it to hide a few little articles which were on my dressing-table. As I anticipated, they came to examine my apartment, but as if fatigued with their undertaking, they contented themselves with examining the closets, and thrusting their swords through the bed, saying at the same time, "If he is here, this will spare the guillotine one job."

Having completed their survey, they repaired to the drawing-room, seated themselves without any ceremony, and ordered my sister to supply them with some of the best wine. By this time the poor girl had recovered herself, and indignation took the place of fear. She treated this demand with contemptuous silence, and Canve started up, I believe, with the intention of striking her. I laid my hand on the pistol which I always carried, but perhaps awed by her firm bearing, he departed, without making any remark, in the direction of the wine-cellar. He returned shortly, loaded with several bottles, having to appearance previously satisfied himself of its quality. Having regaled themselves until they became in a state of beastly intoxication, they left us, having first, out of mere wantonness, destroyed a large quantity of china and glass, which unfortunately lay in their way.

For three days we continued unannoyed by any of the revolutionary spirits; at the end of that time we learnt with horror that poor Le Cour had fallen into their hands, and would on the following day undergo his trial as a Royalist.

The next day came, and the hour was fast approaching appointed for the commencement of the trial.

I had ever remarked that my sister possessed a certain noble-mindedness and contempt of self which had insured her my esteem and affection; but I was yet to learn that she was a heroine. In the present instance she was the only one whose presence of mind remained unshaken. Well knowing the disregard paid to any defence proceeding from the unfortunate individuals whose deplorable fate had brought them before this bloody tribunal, as also the unwillingness evinced by legal characters to undertake it, she determined to perform the part herself. I was astounded at the extraordinary resolution she had formed. A young and beautiful girl, who had hitherto appeared to me timid as a fawn, to array herself in a court of justice—and such a court—in defence of one whom it was a crime

to succour. In vain I remonstrated—she was inflexible. She delayed her departure to the last moment, to render her appearance as striking as possible. Probably she thought the power of beauty might effect that which justice might plead for in vain. If so, never was beauty applied to nobler purpose. I could not witness the exhibition, and therefore remained at home, in an agony of apprehension for the result.

Whether the beauty and eloquence of this fair creature softened the hearts of the miscreants who presided at that dreadful tribunal I know not, but she was successful. The sentence of death which Canoc (who formed one of the members of this tribunal) endeavoured to have decreed against our relative, was commuted to banishment for life, with three months imprisonment as a kind of preparation.

Morning after morning passed, and regularly as the hour of ten came round did it find my sister at the prison gate an applicant for admission, bearing such luxuries as his prison fare did not afford; and it is with a shudder of horror that I recall to my mind when accompanying her, the sight of blood, warm perhaps from the heart of some victims to private revenge, streaming down the gutter which conveyed it to the Saone.

It was during the performance of one of these morning duties that we remarked a lady, whom we had known a few months before as the leading star of fashions in Lyons, now walking alone to convey to her husband such consolation as the sight of her would afford. She, as is ever the case, early became surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all envying the look which accidentally she might cast upon any one in particular. Of all these none had so distinguished himself in her eyes (as he thought) as N—, and he industriously circulated rumours that he would shortly receive the hand in marriage, which was the object of general rivalry; and even the day was named when all doubts would be set at rest. Fortune, however, decreed otherwise, and threw in the way a young man whose accomplishments appeared in her eyes to outweigh the pretensions of all others. His noble countenance interested her—his elegant figure captivated her—and a few weeks saw the charming—the universally admired Annette become the bride of Romeo de Pouilli. Truly might he say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*. “I came, I saw, I conquered.”

The deaths this event occasioned must be acknowledged were but few, but the disappointment, I may say, general; and as N— had at one time possessed the happiness through the prospect of winning the prize, saw now that all hopes were perished, his share of disappointments were the largest; and although time seemed to have washed from his mind the memory of his blighted prospects, still to the veteran physiognomist traces were discernable in his features of deep and bitter enmity to his successful rival.

Time had passed with this happy pair in a continual round of pleasure until the event took place, which consigned so many of the *élite* of France to the scaffold. De Pouilli and N— were both of the royalist creed; but N— adopted the revolutionary principles to wreak his vengeance on the man, who, as he said, had robbed him

of his happiness—they both having been suitors to the reigning beauty of Lyons, the consequence was that De Pouilli immediately became the inmate of a dungeon, there to wait until the moment had arrived when the revenge of N—— could consign him to the guillotine. On the occasion of her first visit to her husband in prison she had been summoned to attend the wretch who was the source of all her misery in an apartment, the window of which looked out upon the guillotine, where three unfortunate individuals were about to be executed, and addressing her, he said, without any introduction—

“There, feast your eyes upon the scene before you, and consider that ere three days pass, the axe, which you see now about to fall on those miscreants, will sever the beautiful neck of your *adored*.”

“Unable to endure the sight, for at the moment he finished the axe fell upon one of the unfortunate wretches,” related Mad. De Pouilli, “I sank to the ground, and on my recovery found him watching over me with a look of anxious tenderness—with my faculties returned my sense of De Pouilli’s situation, and I eagerly seized on this moment to endeavour to procure his liberty. As his wife did I sue for him, but in vain—in vain I conjured by every motion calculated to move the breast of man with compassion—all in vain! At last I touched upon the love he so often had professed for me, and named this as an opportunity to prove his sincerity. Hitherto he had gazed upon me with a voidness of countenance, but like oil thrown on fire it revived the slumbering flame of hatred which I had hoped to have subdued.”

“Can you,” said he, “remind me of those moments, and use them as arguments in *his* favour! Do you suppose that my memory only retains the recollection of my former love, and not the means by which my happiness was blasted? Can I forget that I had a rival—that *that* rival was the high-born, haughty and favoured de Pouilli, and that he now lies in prison waiting only my command to die? No, no; do not deceive yourself, but hear the only terms on which he lives. The time is arrived when priestcraft and all its rules are set at nought—freedom for heart and hand is amongst the blessings of the age. Consent to be mine—discard him from your love—and he is free!”

“He uttered this last sentence in a slow impressive manner, that I might fully understand his meaning; and when he had concluded, I still continued to gaze upon him, as if bereft of my senses. Whether he thought favourably of my silence, I know not, but relaxing the severity of his countenance, he approached me, and inquired whether I was prepared to purchase my husband’s life on such terms. The inquiry aroused me from the state of torpor into which his declaration had thrown me,—every nerve seemed strung anew,—my voice was changed from that of supplication to that of desperation, as I bitterly reviled him, and rushed from the room, leaving him motionless with surprise.” As she finished her relation, she burst into tears, unable any longer to control her feelings, and wringing her hands implored the intercessions of heaven in behalf of her husband.

A few mornings after, her husband informed her that N—— had directed him to prepare for his execution on the following day. With

this terrible information she returned to us, and the scene which took place was truly heart-rending; she tore her hair—beat her breast—called herself her husband's destroyer—and vented curses on the beauty which had murdered him;—lastly, throwing herself on her knees before my sister, she implored her to save her husband's life. I never shall forget the astonishment with which I gazed on my sister, as she said calmly—

"I cannot save his life—it is for you to accomplish that." "I!" she cried wistfully, "Oh! if I knew how;—tell me—what can I do to save him?"

"Return to N——," replied she collectedly, "and say you consent to his proposal!"

We were positively aghast, and before a word could be said, she continued—"If you will be guided by me, you shall suffer no dishonour. Go to N——, I repeat—say that when your husband has his passport in his hands, and you see him, from his windows if he pleases, parting from death and danger, you will resign yourself into his hands!—trust to me for the rest, and now begone." Such an influence had Maria over her weaker friend, that without another word to any one, she departed. Half an hour had passed ere she returned; pale and ghastly she entered the apartment, and sought, by a flood of tears, to ease her over-burdened heart.

The morning came, and after a long interview with my sister, during which I was not present, she departed with a kind of cheerfulness, that raised suspicions in my mind of her sanity. I watched her from the window which overlooked the prison, until she entered the gate, and when it closed upon her, I thought it would be for ever!

Three months after, we were the inhabitants of another soil, refugees from our country, sharing the same roof with those whose sufferings had endeared them to us,—these were M. and Madame de Pouilli,—the story of their escape is short.

On the morning of her departure to the prison, after her interview with my sister, who gave her advice as to the only course left her, she visited the monster N——, who was highly pleased at her unexpected compliance, and every thing was done as she dictated. Night saw her husband with his passport, in a post carriage on the road to England, and in a few hours his wife joined him—he having, by a preconcerted understanding waited for her on the road.

The next morning spread the news of N——, having been found stabbed in his apartment by some unknown hand; my sister's advice—secret advice—was now no longer a mystery!

PLIK AND PLOK.

EUGENE LUC is a writer, whose works must, in the eyes of the French people, in the form, if not in the execution, bear the first marks of genius and originality: that is to say, he has adventured upon a path never before tried by any of his countrymen; and made the good continental folks, who had never seen the sea or a ship, stare aghast at the wonders of that mighty element; and he has frozen them with horror at his wild tales of bloody and relentless pirates rioting in slaughter and debauchery, whose deeds and characters are almost superhuman. Taking Cooper for his model, he has attempted to do for the French what the latter has done for the American marine; and has tried to interest the French public in habits and characters with which it professes little sympathy. The French have never shown a great aptitude for the sea, and we may expect a proportionate degree of clumsiness of execution in the works of an author who devotes his talents to the illustration of a sea-faring life. However, it may not be altogether unamusing to observe "how they manage those matters in France," and so we shall take a glance at one of Luc's earliest productions in this line. It bears the very singular title of "Plik and Plok," names of individuals who are only mentioned incidentally in the tales. But M. Luc is well aware of the magic of a title. He can appreciate the wonderful effects of a clap-trap, of a singular and picturesque combination of letters, in rousing the attention of the readers of an advertisement, and irritating the curiosity of the gentle lovers of romance, who gloat over relations of blood and murder, and feel their nerves deliciously stimulated by the circumstantial details of a shipwreck, or an execution. Every bookmaker must know that a judiciously arranged title-page is half the battle, and wraps up within its short compass the chances of the success of a production. But to the matter in hand—El Gitano, the hero of the tale before us, is a wonderful buccanneer, of the genus Cleveland and Red Rover, but of a more vulgar and less lofty description of character. Gitano is the name by which the descendants of the Moors are still distinguished in Spain. Resembling our gipsies, they are a race distinct and peculiar, and partake of all the remarkable characteristics of their African progenitors. By the superstitious Spaniards they are held in abhorrence, and though the custom of burning a few of them on festival days for the amusement and edification of good Christians has now become obsolete, they are considered by all pious Catholics as the chosen instruments of Satan upon earth, labouring assiduously in his ministry until it shall please the king of terrors to reward their services by taking them to himself. This circumstance has furnished our author with a fine opportunity, which he has not neglected, of bringing into strong relief the superstitious folly of the Spanish people, and the malicious pranks resorted to by the Gitano to heighten their belief in his connexion with the demon, and to play

upon their credulity for his own advantage. The Gitano is a pirate, like all others of the same species, with the form of an angel and the heart of a demon. His heart of course has been warped from virtue by sundry assassinations, which the fatal bent of circumstances have necessitated him to commit, to revenge the murder of a father and the dishonour of a sister; and after this preparatory process he is qualified to take his stand on the deck of a vessel as the ironhearted captain of a lawless band. Most of our readers must be aware that a great part of the coast of Spain is inhabited by bold adventurers, who exercise the trade of smuggling as their forefathers have done before them from generation to generation. Nothing can be finer or more picturesque than the appearance of these contraband heroes mounted on their fine Andalusian horses with their cavalier equipments and costume; their bold and undaunted demeanour, and the swarthy beauty of their forms and countenances. We have often thought they would furnish fine materials for the novelist, and we are surprised that Luc has not managed to make a little more of them, and to exhibit them in more attractive colours. But though he sometimes sketches with ability and accuracy, he does not seem gifted with an inventive genius, or with the power of weaving his web of circumstances so as to produce a sustained interest throughout his tale.

The inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maria are thrown into a state of the greatest consternation by the appearance of the dark vessel of the Gitano coming to an anchor off the coast. The barber's shop is crowded with the eager news-gatherers, and all is bustle and curiosity. The dark deeds of the Gitano are the subject of sundry recitals, and various are the conjectures upon the object of his ominous visit to the shore of Santa Maria. Of course the Gitano is a listener to the senseless prattle, and electrifies the assembled gossips by discovering himself, and then disappearing as if by magic.

But the curiosity and surprise vanish in the all-absorbing interest of the bull-fight that is fixed for the morning. Here, again, the Gitano prepares a fresh surprise for the thoughtless inhabitants of Santa Maria. The games had begun: the bull was a most noble animal, and the light-limbed matadors were performing feats of skill that drew upon them the applause of the crowd, and the smiles and acclamations of their mistresses. The circus was situated on the seashore, and was only accessible by two gates. On a sudden the gate which fronted the government-box was violently flung open, and a cavalier presented himself in the circus.

"He was not a Chulilo, for he did not wave in the air the thin veil of red silk, nor did he brandish the long lance of the picador, nor the double-edged sword of the matador; neither was his cap festooned with ribands, nor his dress embroidered with gold. He was habited in black, after the fashion of the Croatians. He wore leather boots, falling in numberless folds upon his legs, and a mariner's hat, surmounted by a white plume, was on his head. He was mounted on a spirited black horse, caparisoned in the Moorish style, a pair of richly-mounted pistols hung at his saddle-bow, and he carried in his hand one of those short, narrow sabres usually worn by marines. As soon as he appeared the bull retired to the other extremity of the arena, pre-

paratory to rushing upon his new adversary : hence the black cavalier had time to put his steed through some showy movements, and to post himself beneath the box of the *monsa* (a nun,) and there he fixed his eyes upon the betrothed of the Lord. The countenance of the damsel became purple, and she hid her head in the bosom of the abbess, indignant at the temerity of the stranger. 'Holy Virgin, what audacity!' cried the female portion of the spectators. 'What devil's whelp is this?' said the men, equally surprised at such coolness. On a sudden a general cry burst from the auditory, for the bull started forth to rush upon the cavalier of the white plume, who turned about, saluted the *monsa*, and said : 'For you, *senora*, and in honour of your bright eyes, beautiful as the azure of the skies.' He had scarcely uttered the words when the bull came headlong upon him. With singular address, aided by the wonderful agility of his horse, he eluded his pursuer, and distanced him so far as to have time again to halt before the *monsa*, and say to her, 'Once more for you, *senora* ; but this time it is for the sake of that vermillion mouth, rich as the coral of Peru.' The bull came on furiously. The cavalier of the white plume awaited his approach with cool deliberation, drew a pistol from his holster, levelled it, and hit his mark with such exquisite precision, that the animal rolled at his horse's feet. On observing the imminent peril to which this singular being was exposed, the *monsa* uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself forward on the balustrade of her box. He seized her hand, carried it to his lips, and then continued to gaze at her fixedly.

"There was so much to astonish the Spaniards in this strange scene that they remained petrified. The fantastic costume, the bull killed by a pistol-shot contrary to all received customs, the fact of kissing the hand of a betrothed of the Lord, all this was in such open violation of the established practices, that the *alcalde* and the governor remained lost in astonishment, while the author of all this mischief still kept his eyes fixed upon the *monsa*, exclaiming, 'How very beautiful she is!' At length the yelping accents of the *alcalde* were heard—the nun quitted the box, and two serjeants sprang forward and seized the bridle of the cavalier, who offered no resistance. 'Who are you?' inquired the *alcalde*. 'By what right have you killed a bull destined for the amusement of the public? How dare you address a young damsel, who to-morrow is to pronounce the holy and irrevocable vows?'"

'Who am I?' said the strange cavalier, haughtily raising his head, and discovering features of faultless symmetry. His eyes were quick and piercing ; black mustachio shaded his vermillion lips, and his thick whiskers terminated at a finely moulded chin. 'Who am I!' repeated he with a full and sonorous voice—'you shall know presently, worthy *alcalde*.' He grasped his bridle, and spurred his horse, which gave such a prodigious bound, that the two serjeants rolled in the circus.

"Who am I? I am the Gitano, the accursed—if you like it better, the damned Gitano, worthy *alcalde* ;' and he wheeled about, flew through the gate, gained the beach, and dashed into the sea."

This feat of stemming the tide on horsback is, we are quite sure, quite new to our readers. Sailors may laugh at the idea of a horse marine, but if they consult M. Luc's pages on the subject, they will find that it is no laughing matter, and that such a being is not quite so imaginary as a mermaid. The Gitano is seldom introduced without his black steed, which must certainly be of the breed of those that drew Neptune's car ; for since Homer's time we have never seen anything more sublimely imagined in the horse-marine way than M. Luc's exquisite picture. Just observe the alertness with which

the noble animal extricates himself from a position in which all other quadrupeds of his species are most helpless.

"A sort of inclined floating bridge, fastened to the ship's side by long iron bars, was lowered into the water. The horse placed his forefeet upon the extremity of this plank, and with a vigorous bound reached the deck, which was almost level with the water."

The assembled multitude, who have just heard the declaration of the Gitano, rush almost simultaneously in pursuit of him. But besides that their eagerness and numbers obstructs their attempt, they find on reaching the shore that the boats have all been turned adrift. However, they are consoled by the appearance of two revenue-cutters that are bearing down upon the pirate. From this new danger the Gitano is delivered by his coolness and courage, and his superior knowledge of the coast, though we must confess we do not exactly comprehend how he manages it; but we believe it is by the substitution of an empty consort, resembling his ship in every particular. After this we find him superintending the landing of his cargo, during the performance of which exciting task he does little else than blaspheme, and jeer at a poor monk who is specially hired to bless the goods, and to efface the traces of Satan left on them by his hands. We shall quote a morsel of this as it presents us with another feat on horseback.

"While this discussion was proceeding, a man was seen hurrying down the cliff. It was the fisherman, Pablo. 'In the name of the Virgin, fly,' said he, 'fly—the leather-coats are out—we are betrayed by Punto.'—'Death to Punto!' and the knives flashed in the moonlight. 'This is not all,' added he, 'the crimes and profanations of the Gitano recoil upon you; and the bishop has directed them to shoot you like dogs, for having leagued with an excommunicated heathen.' 'The holy father changes his sheep into wolves—what a miracle!' exclaimed the philosopher. 'Death to Punto, the traitor!' exclaimed the group of smugglers. 'He's done for,' said the Gitano, kicking the dead body; 'and so load your goods in haste for the tide is rising, and the sky is growing cloudy; and if once the carbine of the leather-coats shall glitter on the steep, your choice must lie between fire and water, my lads.' He then gave a low whistle, and his crew of blacks instantly repaired on board the cutter. The Gitano remained upon the shore, mounted upon his trusty steed. His countenance assumed a rather equivocal expression, when a brisk fire of musketry announced the presence of the revenue officers on the ridge of the cliff. All hope of retreat on that side was cut off. 'Holy Virgin, save us, noble captain,' said the monk; 'show us the secret passage.' 'What passage?' saith the Gitano, 'you are dreaming.'"

"A sharp fire was kept up upon the group, and three of the smugglers had already expired upon the beach. The terror of the monk was at its height: he dragged himself into the water, and there in accents of the deepest despair, he besought the Gitano to save them. 'Invoke Satan, and I will save you,' said the Gitano. 'Behind these rocks is a secret passage, masked by a moveable stone: it will shelter you against your pursuers.' 'Well then, Satan, since Satan you must be, save us,' cried the Spaniards, with a cry of anguish. The Gitano shrugged his shoulders, turned his horse's head in the direction of the vessel, and swam towards it amid a shower of bullets, singing aloud an old moorish romance of Hafiz. The Smugglers remained thunder-stricken. They had only to choose between fire and water, as the pirate had predicted. The Gitano, alone, made his escape. 'By heaven,' exclaimed the

officer, 'his ship is on the point of being smashed on the rocks. God is just. He is standing out to sea, but perish he must.'"

But the Gitano does not perish, but pursues his triumphant career, and, a little farther on, we find him frightening the crews of two revenue cutters out of their wits, by the sudden display of his supernatural powers, for supernatural they must be, if we are to take the text at the letter. Those who take delight in the spirit-stirring sketches of such writers as Scott, Cooper, and Basil Hall, have only to peruse the following passage, to be convinced how immeasurably M. Luc transcends these vaunted writers in truth of colouring, and vigour of imagination.

"The whole crew of the cutter, remained staring in stupid astonishment on the deck. The sea was calm, and the night was pitchy dark. All was black around. Just then, an immense furnace of red and glaring light suddenly burst forth. The sea reflecting this flaming brilliancy, rolled its waves of fire: the atmosphere became illuminated, and the summits of the rocks of de la Torre were tinged with a purple light, as if a mighty conflagration were raging along the shore. This stream of light was furrowed, at intervals, by long flashes of flame, which shot forth in a thousand columns, and fell again in showers of gold, of azure, and of light. They formed so many myriads of burning meteors that flashed, and sparkled, and scattered around them streams of dazzling light. And, lo! in the midst of this lake of fire, appeared the Gitano's vessel; There was the Gitano himself, arrayed in black, with his black cap and white plume. He was mounted on his little horse, whose housings were of rich purple, and whose mane platted with golden threads, and weighted with precious stones, fell upon his neck. Close by the condemned, and leaning upon his horse's neck, stood Tasillo, also arrayed in black, and holding in his hand a long carbine, while Bentick and his negroes, ranged in two lines, stood in silence at the guns. A more imposing spectacle could not well be devised: it had all the appearance of satanic apparition—for the silent, stirless crew—the dark vessel with all her sails closely furled, seemed to rise from the bottom of the abyss, amid waves of light and flashes of flame. The calm figure of the Gitano, whose look wore a super-human expression, all was well qualified to terrify Mazareo and his band, who regarded this pyrotechnic contrivance, as nothing else than the triumph of Satan. The voice of the Gitano thundered, and the whole crew of the cutter, who were on their knees, and as it were, fascinated by this strange sight, fell flat, with their faces against the deck."

The Gitano then proceeds to scold away in Ercole's vein, as if he was addressing a refractory negro, on his own deck, and after sending them a broadside, he retires, highly satisfied with himself. But his career is fast drawing to its close. His passion for the beautiful monsa of the bull-fight, had taken possession of his soul; while the noble bearing and flattering attentions of the Gitano, had produced a corresponding effect on the heart of the fair Ronta. With all a lovers ardour, he climbs the walls of her convent, but his entrance is observed, and he is surrounded and taken prisoner by the soldiers. Trial and condemnation quickly follow, and after being exposed for three days, in the burning chapel in the square of St. Juan, he is formally executed, to the great satisfaction and edification of the assembled thousands of spectators. M. Luc has exhausted the resources of his art, in giving a picturesque effect to

the execution; it is detailed with exquisite minuteness. The haggling bargaining of the executioner, about the price of his labour, the mutilation, and subsequent death-blow, all are sketched with fidelity and accuracy. The manner in which his friend Tassillo avenges his death, is not a little singular. He pledges himself to the dying Gitano, that the whole population of Spain shall rue his death, and he fulfills his threat to a letter. He sails to the coast of Tangeir, in the pirate-boat, to the command of which he has succeeded, by the death of the Gitano; takes in a cargo of goods infected by the plague, sails again for Spain, and casts them on the shore. Of course they are carried away by the inhabitants, and the consequence is, that the plague burst out amongst them, and carries them off by thousands. Such was the revenge of Tassillo, for the death of his commander and his friend. There is another tale in this volume, in which the fate of the pirate Kernock, is meant to serve as a contrast to that of the Gitano. After running the same career of blood and rapine, Kernock withdraws from the scene of warfare, enjoys his "*otium cum dignitate*," and his ill-got treasure, and goes down the vale of years, a grey haired sire, whose only frailty is an undue affection for the brandy-bottle, which ungenerously requites his predilection by causing his death.

Such are M. Luc's powers, as demonstrated in the work before us. He makes no unfair estimate of them himself, when he only aspires to the honour of leading the way into an hitherto unexplored field of composition, and pointing out to more elevated genius, and more practised pens, what may be effected by them in this new line. The real merits of his productions are neutralized by exaggeration, and a continued straining after effect. He seems to fancy, that to be very horrible, is to be very sublime, and that a disgusting account of massacres, and orgies, cannot fail, and must be peculiarly agreeable to the reader. In this, however, he does not differ from his compeers, as they are all infested by the same perverted taste.

SONNET.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

Our ship is drifting fast upon the shore.
 O, for a being of a master-mind,
 To take the helm; who, looking not behind,
 Would steer right onward—one not rich nor poor,
 Nor of the vulgar, nor the too refined;—
 Who has at once the will and power combined,
 Boldly this sea of rocks to guide us o'er—
 Not from self-love, but love of human kind.
 Clouds frown, winds howl, rocks threaten, billows roar,
 And thunders burst. Quick! or our doom is signed.
 Clear the deck of its lumber! Lame and blind,
 Make way! and we may hoist our sails once more—
 Once more our prow may beat the foaming seas,
 Once more our flag may flutter in the breeze.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FREE TRADER.

“It’s very odd these kind of men, won’t let a body be.”—*Hood’s Whims.*

It is too often the fate of meritorious, active public servants, to be neglected by those, from whom they had every reason to expect encouragement; and therefore are they constrained to throw themselves on the public for that support which should have been drawn from private channels. Such, unhappily has been my lot; my exertions in the cause of science have been unrewarded; and those labours, which have been undertaken for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, have involved me in trouble and punishment—instead of having produced those effective and valuable remunerations, to which they were entitled? I am therefore compelled, in self-defence, to bring certain facts before the public tribunal, and thus to address myself to the more considerate and benevolent portion of mankind, who will view my case, as one richly deserving sympathy, and me, as an individual, unjustly sacrificed to the petty, narrow-minded prejudices of an ignorant and overbearing faction.

My father was a great naturalist and horse-dealer—he was for many years the first knacker in Kent-street, and from him I received the rudiments of my professional education; but I will not detain the reader reciting any of the exploits of my boyhood while in my father’s service, but enter at once into that portion of my busier career which bears upon the *subject* I propose—confound the word, I cannot leave it off for the body of me.

My father’s pursuits were odious to me, for I abhor cruelty to animals—I would not hurt a fly. I resolved to turn my talents to some account, and to start in the resurrectioning line. Abjuring the Sadducean doctrine, which denies the resurrection of the body, and determined to prove the falsehood of, at least this one portion of their creed, I united myself to a most extensive firm of body-snatchers, and soon became an active and efficient employé.

My first professional engagements ied me to attend all the funerals in a certain number of churchyards near the metropolis, where I was posted till the notice of any particulars connected with the interments; and the proceedings for the night were generally regulated by my daily reports. But, before entering into the details of my experience, I may be allowed to premise, that I disclaim, with indignation, any connexion with the Burking party, and that one object I have in view in bringing forward these my confessions, is, to prove that, neither directly nor indirectly, did we adopt their style of practice.

Having been employed as scout without witnessing any incidents of peculiar interest, seldom any thing worse than a slight ducking in a horsepond, I was now promoted, and became the principal agent with the undertakers. The scientific and better-disposed class of them made but little difficulty in adopting our views, and so, being a

muscular lad, I frequently attended their funerals, and was deputed to remove the subject *from* the coffin into the long black bag, which they always have at hand for the purpose. The tenantless habitation having been conveyed to the attendant hearse with great apparent labour, my better filled bag was carelessly deposited by its side, and on the return of the equipage we had but little difficulty in removing our spoil to head quarters. Walking funerals were sometimes a little more troublesome, but these were managed by my remaining a few minutes behind, and then following the procession with my bag, at a respectful distance. This manœuvre most effectually screened me from all interference, as it was of course presumed that I belonged to the melancholy party.

It happened, during my early experience, that we were much opposed by a large neighbouring firm, who had recently entered into an unprofitable contract with one of the borough hospitals, and it became almost impossible for us to do any real good. They kept a sharp look out in every quarter, and for very many weeks completely superseded all our exertions. It was therefore agreed, on *my* suggestion, that *mock funerals* should be arranged—and so it was—our own members were sufficient to furnish bearers, and pages, and mourners; and, by some little expense, we contrived, for several weeks, to get up these imposing processions, the coffins of which were iron; and by contriving that they should always take place in burial-grounds contiguous to the general scene of our opponents' operations, we continued, for a length of time, to throw them upon false scents; while *we*, by keeping a close look-out in the remoter districts, generally succeeded in our more important arrangements, and began to get a good name for ingenuity and success.

The leading member of our fraternity being a man well to do in life, and passing as a respectable tradesman, at this time engaged (for the ostensible purposes of a warehouse) a small range of premises, the *back* of which looked upon a burial-ground, in the northern London district: he also succeeded, in a short period, in getting for me the appointment of night-watchman to this ground, which, he urged, was an indispensable precaution against the numerous gangs of insurrectionists who were then in operation. This mode of securing to himself the whole spoil, was credible to his ingenuity; for while I practised an unrelaxing vigilance, and effectually prevented the intrusion of a foreign footstep, I essentially served the interests of my own firm. Our principal partner never lost an opportunity of saying a word in my behalf, in quarters most influential, so, my wages were speedily raised, every question of security was set completely at rest, and the rumour of resurrectionists infringing on the burial-ground of B—, was never so much as breathed.

Matters having gone on prosperously, it was agreed that I should obtain the chapel key, and have a cast taken: as the vaults beneath would open to us a considerable spoil, wherein our proceedings would be conducted with less labour and greater security, and as out of door's work, in wintry nights, was not agreeable. Being on most intimate terms with the sexton, our purpose was speedily effected; but on the first experiment, an incident occurred, which

put an end to all practice in this neighbourhood, for a considerable time. We had descended into the vault, and disinterred four subjects, which had been recently deposited there, and which, in consequence of my excellent watchmanship, were considered secure; these were removed into the vestry, and nothing now remained but their immediate conveyance to the adjoining warehouse, and the closing of the vault. As ill luck would have it, one of our party, "*Lushing Miles*," as we called him, discovered a key, in the door of the vestry closet: curiosity (it could be nothing worse) induced him to take a peep at the contents, and there his eyes were rivetted on a tolerable store of spirits and wine. With our friend, the sight of these goodly things was an irresistible temptation; and before any of the party were conscious of his proceedings, he had ascertained the quality of nearly a pint of brandy. We all then, in turn, helped ourselves, and the night proving bitterly cold, the cordials were acceptable; but one bottle begot a second, a second a third, and so on, until, after the directions of Shakspeare, who says wisely, "mingle, mingle, mingle; ye who mingle may,"—we mingled the wine and spirits, to our own utter confusion. As our senses began to give way, riotous mirth became predominant. After several foolish freaks, we arrayed ourselves in the sacerdotal attire, which hung in the vestry. Thus metamorphosed, did they continue their potations, until they all sank down, with little remaining symptoms of life. They had, however, while some glimmerings of sense yet remained, directed me to close the vault, and to remove every thing which might, on the following morning, which happened to be Sunday, give any intimation of our visit. Had I done as directed, a few minutes earlier, I might have avoided the appalling consequences which ensued; but it was too late.—I had no longer the power to close the vault—but the vault, in a few minutes, enclosed me! As, bending forwards, to see all clear below, I rolled down headforemost; and the stupefying effects of the spirit, together with a violent blow on the head, which I received in the fall, rendered me as perfectly insensible, as the most ancient tenant of that gloomy tomb. Of the scenes next ensuing, I was not an eyewitness: I heard, however, that my companions remained sound asleep, until after the chapel had been opened for divine service, and that the beadle, looking into the vestry, and observing all the officiating officers there, in full canonicals, did not venture to interrupt them, until the bell gave notice, that the hour for the commencement of divine service had nearly arrived. Awakened, for the first time, by an admonitory tap on the door, by the beadle, my companions became suddenly startled into a full sense of the painfully ridiculous and dangerous dilemma in which they were placed. There was no time for reflection—no opportunity of searching for me—no means of rescuing me from my subterranean abode, even had they known it. In an instant, the various disguises were thrown off, and placed on the exhumed bodies; the vestry-door was locked inside, to give the chance of time for escape; and assuming the air and appearance of quiet and orderly workmen, my companions escaped through a back door in the vestry (which opened on the burial-

ground), and passed out of the gate, at the very moment when the clergyman and clerk were entering in haste.

In a few minutes all was uproar. After some little remonstrance from without, with the supposed tenants, whose silence excited surprise, the vestry door was wrenched open. The state of confusion which it displayed—glasses and bottles, and the smoky fumes of the night's debauch, petrified with horror, the sober-minded clergyman and his attendants; but their alarm at removing the surplices and clerical gowns from the bodies which they concealed, was past all description. The truth was now clear—pursuers were dispatched in every direction, and immediate notice given at the police offices, but to no avail. Our leading actor having reached home, so completely altered his appearance, that he became, in a few minutes, one of the most sober-looking of the whole congregation, and as violent, as any, in indignation. Being a man of some influence, his advice was taken: in the course of but a short time, the bodies were replaced in their final resting place, and quietly redeposited in the vault. The services of the day were entered upon, and conducted with as much order and regularity as the circumstances would allow; and, immediately after, the stone was securely replaced at the mouth of the tomb, by attendant workmen; and I was consigned, for a while, to that living death, the horrible remembrance of which haunts me to this day, and is, even in my dreams, continually before me, in all the vivid freshness of reality.

But how shall I attempt to picture the scenery of that dreadful night—the terrors of the place—the horrible conceits and loathsome smells, which tormented me. I must have remained, for some time, asleep and insensible of my situation; and when, for the first time, I awoke to feeling, and half unclosed my hesitating eye, alike careless and unconscious of my position. I well remember the faint cold thrill which passed through my veins, as if it would freeze up the fountains of my existence. Raising myself up gently and timidly, I endeavoured to look around to recognise some features, by which to ascertain where I was, but all was dark. Faintly recalling the events of the preceding night, I imagined that I had been taken in my intoxication, and conveyed to the black hole of the watch-house, and in this apprehension, I consoled myself for a time. Finding my resting place hard and damp, and comfortless, I arose, and in so doing, struck my head against the lower part of the arched roof. Compelled from the violence of the blow to sit down, I found myself resting on a coffin, broken and mouldering, which gave way beneath my weight—then it was, that the knowledge of my real situation, first broke upon me. I, who in my ordinary avocations in the path of my duties, could deal with death in all its forms, without the slightest reluctance, was now suddenly paralysed with horror, at finding myself alone in that foul vault, to which no wholesome air breathed in. My seat having broken from under me, I suddenly felt almost stifled—the dust of earthly decay arose around me, and increased the parchedness of my fevered lips—the pollution seemed to cling to me, as glad to be once again united to any thing living. Shuddering with horror, I endeavoured to shake it from me, but in vain. Rush-

ing from my seat, I hurried to the further end of the vault, and sat myself down for awhile, endeavouring to collect my wandering thoughts. The more I reflected, the more bewildered I became; and my mind recalled, with a frightful accuracy, all the supernatural tales of death, wherewith, in infancy, my ear had been assailed. In this bed of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep, surrounded with yellow chapless skulls and dead men's rattling bones, did I remain, until my mind gradually gave way, beneath the excitement, and reason no longer retained her controul. Imagination peopled the vault, with a ghastly and numerous tenantry, with whom I held discourse, believing myself one of them, and as essentially departed from the living world as they were; but ever and anon, the low desponding echoes of my own sepulchral voice startled me into momentary sensibility: it was, however, but momentary, for I soon again sunk back into my former state of wild delirium. Then, starting into motion, and believing that I had been unfairly deprived of my resting place, I scooped out, with my bony hands, the contents of the coffin, on which I had, at first, seated myself, and deposited my exhausted frame therein; and there I lay, for a while, at rest, being surrounded with all the mute appalling emblems of decay.

Shut up in that charnel house and almost stifled, I laboured for breath, well do I remember to have grasped the remains of more than one human being, bending over the senseless clay, and wondering why I could not partake of their stillness and insensibility. At length, exhausted reason completely relinquished her hold—her farewell beam past away, and I sunk down in convulsive agony between two newly deposited coffins, nor did one single gleam of sense revisit me during this living death, to which I could not have been exposed for less than six-and-thirty or forty hours. The next circumstance of which I have any recollection, was being awakened by gentle whispers, and opening my eyes, I discovered anxiously bending over me, the face of one of my companions, who with my father appeared to exhibit some anxiety for my condition—no words of recognition passed between us; but believing myself still in the vaults, I spoke incoherently and wildly. It was many weeks before health of body and of mind returned, or before I learnt the particulars of my own story. It had been supposed for some time, that I had escaped, during the general uproar on the Sunday; but not making my appearance, my companions became alarmed, and on Tuesday morning early they effected their entry to the chapel, again unsealed the mouth of the tomb, wherein I lay stiffened and senseless, and by great labour and contrivance had me conveyed to a secure resting place, where after a lengthed interval, and by constant attention and kindness, I became at last convalescent. For awhile, the impressions left on my mind by this incident, absolutely prevented me from taking any prominent part in the business. I became fearful and heartless, ashamed of myself, and the derision of my companions, who expressed their regret at having rescued me from the grave, wherein they urged, I had better have remained, as I was then worse than useless to them, burdensome rather than serviceable.

Under these depressing circumstances it became absolutely necessary for me either to resume my duties, or to bid farewell to the craft at once, and for ever. To minds of a feebler and less resolute turn than mine, thank God happens to be, this occurrence might have proved injurious. I however soon recovered the inconvenience, and although the affair does even yet haunt me unseasonably, I soon prepared to resume my necessary avocations, for which I entertained a natural relish. Young snatchers, may from my experience learn, that the profession is not always as agreeable as they in the hurricane of their poetical imagination may fancy it; those who have not a decided turn for the pursuit, had better not adopt it. A genuine snatcher, as the classics say, is, "*nascitur non fit.*" The business of claiming the unknown bodies of suicides and of those who died friendless and unowned in workhouses, was in many instances left to my management, and so successfully was it for a time prosecuted—while the great cause of anatomical science was thereby assisted, our pockets gave most sensible and satisfactory evidence of the good resulting from this branch of practice; but I got involved in a dilemma, which had like to have ended seriously.

The body of a young woman had been found floating down the river by a waterman, who brought it on shore; it was deposited in the bone-house of St. Saviour's, and advertised. Of course I identified the body, declaring it to be that of a very dear sister, who had lately left the country, to take the situation of lady's-maid in a family at the west end of the town, with whose name I was unacquainted. To assign any reason for the rash act, was out of my power; I merely stated that she had been deserted by a young man, who was endeared to her by an acquaintance of years, and that his having married another person, might have so far preyed on her health and spirits, as to have driven her to this rash act. After having manifested an abundance of sorrow, tears flowing plentifully, and bitterly lamented that my own circumstances were so narrow, as to prevent my giving her the funeral attentions I might have wished: the jury before whom I had appeared, expressed much sympathy, and a disposition to afford me some pecuniary assistance. This was almost too good. As they were about to consult on their verdict, and determine the matter, as they doubtless would have done, to my satisfaction, a most unacceptable intruder made his appearance, who completely altered the face of the affair, and put my character in a remarkably unpleasant state of jeopardy. A rough, uncouth-looking man, of about forty years of age, attired as a mechanic, entered the room, and, in an unceremonious manner, stated that she had been living for some years as a milliner, occupying apartments in his own house, for which she had paid regularly, until within the last few months. This man continued to state, that during the last few months she had become acquainted with a man, who represented himself to be chief clerk in a merchant's counting-house, who had succeeded in gaining the affections of this poor girl, and on the promise of a speedy marriage had, in addition, borrowed of her the last penny she possessed, and induced her to put her name to various

bills, two of which had already been dishonoured by her, and the threats to which she had been exposed by the holders, together with the disappearance of her heartless acquaintance, had driven her into a state of phrenzy. This man, added he, raising his stentorian voice, till the walls rung again with his violence, is now before you, and there he stands at this moment!—demure looking hypocrite! I know him well—too well, unhappily; and if any proof of his identity is required, he wears a cork leg, which no hypocrisy, no disguise, *can* conceal! The fellow having fixed his eyes fiercely on me during his harangue, and swearing most positively to my identity, I was instantly brought forward and examined. Alas! *I had a cork leg!*

This unfortunate coincidence, told sadly against me, indeed, he made the matter appear so plausible, that my guilt seemed apparent to all. I began myself, almost to believe there might be some truth in his statement; my head was completely bewildered, and the whole circumstances were so against me, that I was unable to do more than hammer out a denial, without offering any explanation. The coroner, now stated, that he should feel it necessary to delay the conclusion of the inquest until a future day; during the interim, every effort should be made to obtain fresh evidence, and this self-styled relation, whose character and conduct appears to have been almost miraculously brought to light, should be accommodated with as secure a resting place, as the most captious individuals could require. I was, accordingly, handed off to durance; followed by the execrations of hundreds, and introduced to the solitary enjoyment of my own unassisted reflections. 'Twas not however, even in this the depth of my depression, so melancholly as might have been supposed; the consciousness of my own innocence, gave me comfort, as did the knowledge that all I had done, was in the fair way of trade; and I formed a determination to convict, and punish heavily, this perjured false-witness. I confidently, relied on the honourable acquittal which must await me, on the congratulatory and sympathising testimonials of the court and jury, and on the ultimate possession of the claimed and well-deserved body. After the interval named, the court re-assembled, by great labour on the part of my friends, the wretch, who actually had thus served the poor girl, was discovered, and brought forward, and, although the personal resemblance between him and myself, appeared to astonish the court, I cannot say, for my own part, that I should ever have mistaken the one for the other; for he was, to say the best of him, any thing but a good-looking gentleman-like sort of man. Of course, the burden being now removed from my shoulders, and fixed on those where it should have rested, I was set at liberty; but not until I had undergone a strict examination, as to my purpose for claiming the body; at first, I stuck to my point, vowed it was my sister, and claimed peremptorily; the coroner, however, did not view the matter precisely as I might have wished, he was more inquisitive than agreeable, and did certainly propose some puzzling questions. While the investigation was going on, I observed at the further end of the room, certain police-officers, whose significant looks and occasional smiles, discomposed me, and I therefore inti-

mated, that as one, and so great a mistake had already been made, it was more than possible, that I also might be in error ; I therefore begged, to be allowed to view the body a second time, and on my return did not find myself by any means so certain as I had been, on the former occasion ; my grief was therefore, in some measure, moderated, and I left the room, expressing my determination, instantly to go in pursuit of my sister.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

Sleep on ! 'tis better far for thee,
 Within thy narrow cell,
 In peace to rest, than still with me,
 In shame and grief to dwell.

From dust we spring, and must again
 To rest in dust return ;
 And thou art gone 'ere grief and pain
 Could triumph o'er thine urn.

Thine infant heart hath never bled,
 And now can never bleed,
 Like mine o'er peace and pleasure fled,
 A barren hopeless weed.

The primrose pale, above thy tomb,
 Springs gently into life ;
 Sweet emblem of the child with whom
 The sepulchre is rife.

The morning dew—the noon-day sun—
 The peaceful calm of eve—
 Are nought to thee ; thy goal is won,
 Thou hast no life to leave.

But every day, and every hour,
 Are messengers to me,
 And every year a higher tower,
 From which I look towards thee.

And yet how vain to deem this eye
 Will see thee smile again ;
 And o'er thy grave at eve to sigh—
 How madly, fondly, vain.

Farewell my child ! My fallen leaf,
 My flower of purest love ;
 I bear with joy the weight of grief,
 So thou art blest above.

Sleep on ! sleep on ! the grave is deep ;
 No pang can reach thy breast ;
 A parent's prayers their vigil keep ;
 A mother guards thy rest.

M.

THE REJECTED ONE!

A TALE OF THE PIG AND WATCH-BOX.

"Cruel, cruel fate!" said the young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, "wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, an inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons—yet I was born to disappointment! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops;—thou art rejected of men."

The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased mackerel.

"Help yourself," said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry Meux's best XX.

"Kindest of men," cried Blenkinsop, "love may perish, but friendship never dies!" The pot not being born beneath the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected.

"Come, Blenkinsop, my boy," said Faucitt, filling his pipe, "no long faces here. Let's have a song,—or 'spose you tip us a bit of autobiography. Waiter,—another quart of stout;—remember what the great Dr. Watts' says—

"Woe is the child of thought, and kin to fear,

One yields to pipes, but both must yield to beer!"

"My sorrows," answered Blenkinsop, can yield to neither. O, Leged, emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou said—

"O, curse Leged," said Faucitt, "let's have none of him."

"Certainly not," said Stoker.

"Well then, friends, listen and be dumb; but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker, for the other mug!" A deep silence followed, broken only by the protracted breathing of Augustus at his draught, until, having rivetted his eyes for a moment on the bottom of the pewter, he set it down with a sigh, and proceeded.

"Need I tell you that I am the only son and heir of Reginald Nicodemus Blenkinsop, of Dot-and-go-one Hall, county Somerset,—that his father was—

"We knows all that already," interrupted Stoker.

"Rash young man!" said Blenkinsop, with solemnity; "the blood of a hundred sires burns within me! but I forgive you. You know I was born with considerable expectations—that godlike fortune seemed to welcome me from the hour of my birth, and that the heavens, for a time, appeared to smile benignantly on the scion of an ancient stem. In the words of the poet—

"O d—m the poet!" shouted Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoker.

Blenkinsop looked sternly.

"Alas!" said he, "those were the last hours of unadulterated happiness that I ever enjoyed. I went to the university—I studied hard—I bought an alarum clock—eschewed wine parties—proctors revered me—my tutor smiled upon me—my acquaintance cut

me—I read for my degree—I stood the examinations—heavens and earth, I was *rejected*!”

The two friends exchanged looks of astonishment, though in a peculiar fashion.

“Next morning I was far from Oxford. Rouse thee, O Augustus!” exclaimed I to myself, “and let not this misfortune overwhelm thee. The Spartan mother shed no tears over her departed son, and why shouldst thou mourn for a paltry degree? No! rather, like my sires of old, will I take my father’s sword from the wall, and go forth against the enemies of my country to conquer or to die! So saying, I lighted a cigar. The Blenkinsops have always voted with ministers—I had interest at head-quarters—I was promised a commission, and I at once purchased my regimentals, and let my moustachios increase. ‘Never,’ cried the enraptured, though alas! suffering tailor, as he gazed upon the martial figure that issued from his hands all scarlet and gold, ‘never seed I a gemman vot looked better!’ And he spake aright. I felt then within my bosom the ardour which lighted up as with a spell the soul of Anthony, and drove Themistocles to the combat; and I called to mind the glorious saying of Miltiades, ‘Cowards die many times, but a brave man never dies!’”

A prolonged whistle issued from the lips of the petrified Faucitt. Stoker squinted with a horrible obliquity of vision.

Blenkinsop sighed.

“My evil destiny again interposed. That very evening I received a letter from the War Office. Fire and steel! what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Relentless Hill! Implacable Wellington! My application was *rejected*!”

I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, and retiring to the other end of my apartment, prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet caught my spurs, and I fell prostrate on the ground. I rose an altered man, and sitting calmly down, I drank deeply of thought, and brandy and water cold without. After all, said I, war is a savage pastime; the soldier is but a hireling. So saying, I drew another cork. Life, I resumed, is but short; thou knowest this well, O immortal Flaccus!

“Oh, confound Flaccus!” said Faucitt.

“Certainly,” said Stoken.

“Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou wert formed to shine in the court, and not in the camp: surely there is many a beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, who would be proud to be called Mrs. Augustus Blenkinsop!”

“Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and beautiful; she had the figure of a Cleopatra, and the mind of a Sappho! She had published a volume of poetry, called ‘The Undispairing One of Kamtskatka,’ and she had two thousand a-year! Her hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a pale, ethereal green. The first moment I saw her, I loved her; and hope whispered me that she was my affianced bride. I gave a *post obit* to a wealthy Shylock, Manasseh Ben Melchiseek, who at cent. per cent., furnished the supplies. Stulty again suffered, and I sported a cab. The sweet Emily received me favourably, add I won the good will of her maiden aunt, by escorting her twice to church.”

Fawcett thrust his tongue into his cheek ; and Stoker significantly elongated his outstretched hands, resting his left thumb upon his nose. The very bars of the grate grinned. "I sat with my beloved in the same box at the Opera. I was her partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal attachment. The crisis was approaching—bills came fast pouring in, therefore my love must be confessed.

One day she was reclining on an ottoman, caressing a corpulent poodle, while I lay stretched before her on the carpet, in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Tenderly, yet impressively I seized her hand, and modulating my voice to its lowest and most musical tone, I ventured to say, "Emily, sweet Emily ! do you love ?"

A roseate blush overspread her countenance. "Spare me, Augustus !" she murmured. "Ah ! dost thou confess the soft enslaver," said I, starting to my feet. "O thou terrestrial seraph ! speak—tell me—will thou wed ?" A blush still deeper than before dyed her burning cheek. Gates of paradise !—and when ?" In half audible accents she whispered—"Wednesday !"

I seized her hand again ; O Cupid ! fairest denizen of Olympus ! What do I not owe thee for this—Wednesday ! Sweet, sweet Emily ! adored Miss Pelican ! On that propitious day shall I lead you to the altar ! On that day shall I place the sacred ring upon—

She started with a look of astonishment—"You lead me to the altar ! on Wednesday I am to be married to Captain Ferdinand Fitzspurs !"—

My brain spun round—a red gleam of fire flashed before my eyes—a bolt of ice quivered in my heart—I staggered, and reached the street, I know not how. O the agony of that moment ! I feel it even now—my heart—my brain—my soul ! O Stoker—O Fawcett—how hard it was again to be *rejected* !

"Werry," said Fawcett.

"Werry," reverberated Stoker. And he grinned like a bag of nails.

"I rushed home like a demon. Fury was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall of oranges—I reached my lodgings, and entered my room—amongst an infinity of bills lay a packet, carefully sealed—was it a remittance from my relenting father—I seized—I opened it—madness ! my two last Articles for the Monthly Magazine, *rejected* ! O friends, do you not pity me ?—

"I do, pon my credit," said Fawcett. The interesting youth had just emerged from the Insolvent Court.

"I do, pon my honour," said Stoker. He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, for cheating at a thimble-rig.

CULINARY REFLECTIONS ON REFORM.

"Quot Galli totidem Coqui," has been, from old time, the meritorious characteristic of Frenchmen; while, with us, the office of a cook is degraded in public estimation in exact proportion to its intrinsic importance. In the days of Charlemagne the director of the kitchen was ever one of the prime ministers of state; conferences were held over the gridirons; cutlets were inserted in protocols; national boundaries were indicated by the cleaver; and dispatches were given and received, while the under secretary of state for foreign affairs basted the loin which the head of his department had just before spitted. In those days Kitchiner and Mrs. Rundell would have acquired immortality; while Ude, uniting the philosophy of cookery to the art of dressing meat, might, not unhappily for the nation, have been elevated to the premiership: and, if reform had been peremptorily suggested, he would, with consummate skill and prudence, have concocted a system seasoned to the national taste—having due and professional regard to the rights of *corporate bodies*, and the preservation of the *constitution*. He happily would not have set before us a dish of calf's head without brains, but with an overwhelming garnish of tongue; but rather have afforded us that well-esteemed, plain, and wholesome joint, so congenial to the British palate, from which we may rise satiated, but not palled; nor left us to the penitence engendered by mock turtle, which, if it tickle the palate, is of most difficult digestion. Had reform looked backward to a better age, and derived instruction from experience, instead of speculating on undefined futurity, it might have been well with us; and, as it has been decided by medicine and philosophy, that the mind takes its tinge from the stomach, and that the moral character is influenced, if not wholly directed, by the aliments supplied to the physical man, and the manner of their preparation; if by study and inquiry we can ascertain any important departure, in our own age, from the culinary rules of our forefathers, surely it will be far more reasonable to ascribe the actual outcry for reform and change to novel modes of refection, than to render confusion worse confounded, by reference to Magna Charta and King John,—Lord Chatham and the American war—the fair humanities of the first French revolution,—or the late glories of Lafayette and the barricades, which, happily, have as much to do with the question as Mr. Manners Sutton or Mr. Alderman Anybody without manners at all. The cause of public excitement and agitation once ascertained, the remedy would be easy. A Secretary of State's warrant, for the search and seizure of Cayenne, wherever it may be found, as mediately provocative to treason—a proclamation for the apprehension of Mulligatawney, as tending to the disturbance of the public peace—a general outlawry of curry, whiskey, gin, and spices, as inimical to church and king, and wholly subversive of the constitution, should at once appease the popular fever, and restore us to tranquillity—while "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the

Bill," might then be worthily employed (schedule A and all), in cooking a salutary, and simple food; and be devoted to that pot to which it had designed us in the mass. How much would not the world have lost, had not the full enjoyment of his enormous repast bestowed on the sage and moralist (Dr. Johnson), that happier flow of temper, which enabled Boswell to delight, instruct, and improve society, by the wisdom and eloquence of the great Lexicographer's hours of relaxation; and, if he stand unrivalled in this degenerate age, let it be also be remembered, that his chief mangiatory pleasures were confined to a veal pie and raisins—and an unsalted leg of pork boiled to rags, without the pernicious condiments of our days. How mild, serene, and beautiful, was the harsh-tempered Parr, in his after-dinner colloquy, when nature was satisfied, and his passions all appeased. Even old Thurlow's thunder was quelled to the music of a rippling stream, as, with the withdrawal of the cloth, he sent the great seal where we should scarcely like to be; and, if we required living examples of honour, truth, and virtue; of well-acquired fame and dignity; of length of years; and (however men may differ with them upon principle) of the purest patriotism, we have but to regard Lords Eldon and Stowell—Ciceronian Commentaries "De Senectute," who, in preserving a homely and genuine taste for the unsophisticated pleasures of the table, stand octogenarian reprovers of the depravity of modern taste, and our dereliction from better principle, by the unfortunate perversity of our appetites. States and empires, with kitchens, have their periods of declension: and when, so early as the days of Homer (whose heroes had the undoubted merit of being all cooks) we find the utmost disregard of culinary science, and behold Patroclus joining Achilles in the quartering of oxen and spitting loins, without mention of the lighter graces of sauce or gravy, it is easy to predict the uncertain tenure of Grecian power. Even all the wisdom of Pythagoras went no farther than the rejection of beans as food: a degree of refinement which, in better days, would but have extracted a sickly smile of contempt from the immortal Brummell. If Roman history refer, with pride, to the crude turnips of Cincinnatus, we can better appreciate the astonishment evinced by the Samnite ambassadors, especially if they had ever heard of cholera morbus. Horace's recommendation of oblong eggs, is but a sorry proof of Epicurean talent. The satire of Juvenal on the frying of a fish, is really worse than juvenile. The six thousand weight of lampreys provided by Cesar for his imperial supper, would excite the disdain of an alderman, and the jeer of a waiter at the cider-cellar; while Heliogabalus himself was more distinguished for his attention to quantity than quality: and, although "in the palmy state of Rome," Paulus Æmilius strove to save his country by establishing the important axiom, "That no less skill is required to set forth a feast than to lead an army; since, if the one was to annoy an enemy, the other was to please a friend;" Rome necessarily fell in unwisely preferring her generals and senators to her Rundells and her Udes. A shoulder of mutton put Mahomet's divinity to the test, and cost him his life: and as to his descendants, while the Arabian tales associate the merits of well-peppered cream tarts with the glories of the caliphate, by a declension

of taste in the sultans, we have beheld the Russians at the gates of Constantinople. The Danes, happy under a despotic government, unacquainted with reform or revolution, afford a pleasing picture of lengthened content and tranquillity ; but it is, at the same time, to be recollected, that the dish of grout served up at the coronation dinner of England's kings, has been still preserved amongst its inventors ; and history will have to record, that the first denial of that venerated dish to a British monarch, had place under the administration of Earl Grey. What it will further have to record as the consequence, it might be neither prudent nor agreeable to declare.

The first important difference relative to our repasts, is the gradual deferment of the hour of dinner, which threatens to justify the remark of the Hibernian, "that, very soon, we shall dine to-morrow instead of to-day : " and, it can scarcely be doubted, that previous stomachic exhaustion can not be otherwise than unfavourable to digestion, and ill calculated to permit the moral powers their free and full development in that post-pranzatory hour devoted to politics and the consideration of the affairs of state. Hence springs that unfortunate mental delusion so frequently displayed by a certain influential and talented assembly, which produces majorities on questions which would have been in the minority with their fathers : and, as the late hours of nine and ten at night were first brought into fashion by my Lord Grenville, when he assumed office in 1816, without charging them with a culpable intent, it is clear that the whigs considered the postponement of refection until appetite was wearied, as in no slight degree favourable to their measures : but the firmness of George the Third in resisting innovation and midnight banquets, drove them from place, and, for a time at least, averted the dangers of indigestion and reform.

Should Sir R. Peel return to power, it is to be hoped that he will improve upon this hint, for the public safety ; and, in his amendment of the criminal law, a trifling paragraph, rendering it a statuteable offence to dine later than four, or felony, without benefit of clergy, to sit down to table by candle-light in summer, might be productive of essential national benefit. Indeed, the Roman catholic countries of southern Europe offer us an example worthy of imitation. There new constitutions and reform have blazed, like a Roman candle for a moment, and then disappeared ; and there, as the angelus of noon is sounded, each one recites the heavenly salutation, winds up his watch, and sits him down to his light and frugal meal. The use of knives and forks has been too long and generally adopted to be yet dispensed with ; but whenever a reform of customs be contemplated, it may be fit for consideration, that in the most ancient nation in the world, and that which has best endured, untroubled by change, they are regarded with contempt ; and that two sticks of ivory and ebony with the Chinese, serve all the purposes of our bidental and tridental instruments, which had better, haply, have been left to Pluto and Neptune, and the Saturnian age. In the olden and more tranquil times of France even knives were unused, while in democratic Switzerland they were at the same period of general adoption, as we are informed by old Montaigne, who, travelling in the latter country in 1580, ob-

serves, "Et jamais Suisse n'est sans cousteau; auquel ils prennent toutes choses et ne mettent guere la main au plat." If digetal application to a dish somewhat shock our refined ideas, it is yet the custom with the most noble of the Turkish empire, where an orthodox rule of government has so long prevailed. An amusing instance of this habit occurred to the late Sir T— M—, when he visited Bucintro, on the Grecian continent, some years before his death, to treat with Ali Pacha, of Janina, for the cession of Parga to the latter, who eminently desirous of consulting the taste of the distinguished Christian, in soliciting his presence at a repast to be given in his honour, considerably suggested that the cook of the British general should attend him, as the Turkish dishes might haply be unpalatable to him. The feast was served, and Ali's acute observation was directed to the many acts of politeness demonstrated by the officers of the general's staff to the Countess of L—, his relation, who had solicited permission to be present on such an interesting occasion, and who had been placed at the right hand of the Pacha. The latter, more accustomed to dictate to than to sue the gentler sex, was for some time at a loss how to evince his attention to the noble lady, until a boiled fowl and oyster sauce, prepared by the general's cook, attracted in no slight degree his examination and surprise, until, not knowing what else to make of it, he decided that it should become the channel of a compliment. Inserting his comprehensive hand into the dish, and grasping a liberal quantity of the shell fish, while its unctuous concomitant streamed through his sovereign fingers, to the horror of Lady —, he held it forth for her acceptance; "What is to be done?" exclaimed the horror-struck female to the general, as the greasy substance was shoved into her hand, and, the very picture of despair, her imploring looks solicited some charitable suggestion how to get gracefully rid of the disgusting present. "Eat it, to be sure," was the laconic and unconsolatory reply to her appeal; and, anxious to avoid offence to her Turkish host, in bending her head, in token of regaling on the luscious bivalves, she let them gently slip her hold to the ground, to the somewhat equivocal improvement of her gros de Naples robe. Of the meats adapted to our use, the unconstitutional nature of soups is equally evident from the materials whereof they are composed, and their foreign derivation. The black broth of Sparta was essentially democratic; and the barley compound of our northern neighbours, undoubtedly promoted their separation from the episcopal church, for the more desecrating tenets of John Knox; while soup maigre is the type and image of popery. The very name of Terrine (although taken from the French) was, but a century since, in no wise connected with the purpose to which it is now applied, being used for a most substantial composition of dainty meats, compared, by a writer of that day, to a Spanish oglio; from the abandonment whereof may probably be dated a change of national policy, and a taste for the customs of France.

In the preparation of fish, we have, to our honour, but slightly derogated from the rules of our ancestors; although it is well to suggest that the arrangement of mackerel with gooseberries, as formerly practised, may hereafter merit legislative attention; and that the

lengthened legal appropriation of sturgeon to royalty should be continued at all hazards: the great estimation it was once held in by the merchants of London, existed during a sounder state of commerce than at present prevails; if revived and joined to the effective restoration of the provisions of the Navigation Act, it might tend greatly to further the interests of Great Britain. Fish as an article of food may, however, merit cautious examination with the real friends of the constitution, from the suspicious predilection evinced by one of the ministry to *plaice*—the disposition to *carp* exhibited between my Lord Palmerston and Mr. Hume—and the no slight propensity to *flounder* of many of the would-be supporters of the bill.

Beef, the main stay of the country, has preserved the simple dignity of its character, amidst all the changes of public opinion; and so long as the glorious sirloin preserves its pre-eminence on the board, we have more than a hope of safety against the best efforts of the worst faction in the land. Yet our predecessors so far differed in taste with ourselves, that, a century ago, the Westminster boys, on days of public rejoicing, had an ample allowance of vinegar to eat with the roast. Rumps of beef were served up, well covered with virgin honey; while at Bedlam there was a famous shop, to which citizens resorted to eat stuffed beef in perfection. Mutton was then scarcely considered palatable without carrier's sauce, a composition of salt, onion, and cold water; while veal was ever presented garnished with buttered currants. Pickled turkeys were also regarded as a high relish at that day; but an exquisite, although anomalous, dainty was turkey poults fried in batter, while the more philosophic gourmands decreed hen turkeys to be "a most melancholy food." Stubble geese at Michaelmas, and green geese in May, were then, as now, infinitely correct; but it would have been truly vulgar to denominate the carving of this bird otherwise than by the "breaking up the goose;" and, in the Corinthian order of gastronomic society, it was ever usual to demand of the person destined to anatomize a fowl, "frust that chicken," "spoil that hen," "sauce the capon," or "mince a plover." Pepper, oil, and lemon, were the constant associates of a partridge; and a peacock, plumed at the head and tail, was regarded as of prime elegance at public repasts. Sauces for meat or poultry were ever sweet; and it was not until after the accession of George the Second that rocombole, eschalot, and garlick, with other stimulants, were introduced from France, as part and parcel of their confection. The unlimited use of pork by our ancestors, even at their suppers, might have justified the interdiction of the Roman law in its regard, and the censure bestowed upon it by Cato. Larded hog's feet and bacon tart were strange favourites, even with the softer sex; the brawner's head was particularly reserved for Christmas night, when it graced the centre of the board, irrigated with mustard, and adorned with sweet rosemary and bays, while an orange graced his fearful tusks. The ancient Romans had the taste of eating honey with their pork; their descendants at this day look upon ham and ripe figs as the greatest delicacy; while the good people of Boston and Philadelphia do not hesitate to accompany their pork with molasses. Luxuries which, whatever may be their intrinsic merits, can scarcely be recommended

for British adoption, on reference to the political tenets of the nations which sanction such peculiar dainties.

The connection of Pork and Politics may be somewhat elucidated by the case of General M——, not long since the representative of a Schedule of Scottish boroughs, who, at his election dinner, took the earliest opportunity of urbanely soliciting of Mr. Provost ——, “the honour of taking a glass of wine with him.” “I prefer taking a slice of that Pork by you, sir, if you please,” was the somewhat unsophisticated recognition of the candidate’s politeness. But in no dish was the fertile invention of our venerated ancestors, and the skill of their cooks more displayed than in the preparation of pies and pasties, which were generally substantial of composition, as magnificent in extent, as much to be compared to the diminutive constructions of our day, as Windsor Castle to Bute Cottage, Lord Chatham to Mr. Hume, or Sheridan to Lord Poltimore. In honour of the first James, a superb pasty was exhibited, from which came forth the celebrated dwarf, Jeffery Hudson, armed with sword and buckler; and it was haply well for a brilliant but diminutive author, of our own day, that a succeeding sovereign, in menacing him with insertion in the wine-cooler, had it not present to his mind, as, although superior to a puff, the witty poet might have been deemed worthy of the paste. Flights of birds from pies were also formerly deemed an elegant and curious pleasantry; but we have it on record that a Lord Mayor improved in his civic imaginings on the practical wit of others, in having a live hare enclosed in crust, the agility of which, on recovering its liberty, so provoked the Nimrod passions of the multitudinous guests, that quitting the table, with one consent, noble and cockney joined in the pursuit, until puss, escaping into Cheap-side, was followed by her napkin-decked suit, armed with knife, fork, ladle, and spoon, to the equal enjoyment of the hunters, and astonishment of the people. But no one ever acquired greater or juster celebrity than the famous Kitcat, who was so renowned for his relishing pies, that his house became the resort of men of rank, and taste, and wit; who at length formed a club, the chairmen of which had their portraits taken, by the first artists, of uniform size, to adorn the walls of the room, whence the denomination of Kitcat sketches; but which body was yet more honourably distinguished by its attachment to the constitution, and an ardent support of its principles. Hence, in leaving puffs for the exclusive use of certain legislators of this day, a return to the venerable pasty of the olden time, may be safely recommended as of no unimportant consequence to the consideration of our best institutions. To vegetable diet, little of praise may be afforded; but as cabbage formed the first dish of an ancient Egyptian meal, it should not be wholly contemned; while asparagus, from having been introduced amongst us, subsequently to the accession of the Stuarts, may be regarded as a modern plant; and Johnson and Parr were even of different sentiments as to its orthography. Cucumbers were, in old time, appropriated to tailors, and even the Beggar’s Opera treats them with scorn, although they were occasionally produced on the table of our ancestors, boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey, and a salad was served up, accompanied by

mushrooms, mangoes, and bamboos. Pudding has, however, been constantly esteemed as the product of our native ingenuity, and with whatever adoration a plum-pudding be regarded, and however painful it may be to our feelings to detract, in the slightest degree, from the high merits of a dish, on which national affection has been so long placed, the fearful consequences of adopting an erroneous article of food, tending by its rich and enticing qualities to propagate political wrong, and to abet the wicked purposes of the foes to our inestimable constitution, renders it a stern and peremptory duty to declare, that the modern and foreign derivation of its principal and stimulant ingredients, proves that it was beyond the use of our forefathers, and that although Smyrna and Zante might, in former times, have contributed raisins and currants, to its confection, yet spices were little known of old amongst us, and the necessary insertion of rum proves, that its best concomitant could have been attained but subsequently to the discovery of the West Indies, and the still later planting of the sugar-cane in its Islands. Some portion of returning sense in the people, has induced the recent neglect of sandwiches, which had their rise from the Lord whose name they bear, and who, when First Lord of the Admiralty, being engaged for twenty-four hours in play, without rising from his seat, ordered some broiled meat to be placed between two pieces of toast, which served to support nature without diverting his attention from the cards. The stakes for which he played being enormous, great attention was attracted to the performance, and his lordship's ingenious mode of refection soon became popular. The name of lunch is probably a corruption of the slight repast made by the monks in awaiting their dinner, and which was termed "*des onges*" by the French, and "*das ongé*" by the Spaniards; and if so, its very origin stamps it as unworthy. Having endeavoured, however feebly, to establish the connection between the state of the constitution and the constitution of the state, an easy and useful deduction may be made from the premises, and without intending an offensive comparison, the repast provided for the nation, but now, by our ministerial cooks, is scarcely dissimilar in character and result, to a banquet given a few years since in one of the Ionian Islands. Dr. C—, of the British Medical Staff, having been appointed, *pro tempore*, inspector of the quarantine department, soon experienced the delightful difference between comfortable and fixed quarters, a most respectable salary, official rank and influence, and the other pleasing appurtenances to a colonial appointment, as compared with frequent removals from place to place; frequent change of abode, and the hard duties of his ordinary military situation. To secure such advantages, policy and prudence dictated the propriety of a dinner to the bigwigs by whom he hoped to be patronized, but the close and unexpensive character of the Doctor induced many a deep and bitter sigh, ere he could finally resolve upon the extraordinary pecuniary sacrifice a banquet demanded, which would comprehend all his gains in the office he had as yet filled. The promise of wealth and ease for life, prevailed. Tickets to knight and baronet, general and colonel, treasurer and secretary, were issued. Wines, new, strange, and anomalous to the medical palate, provided by Angelo, (the costly hotel-

keeper) of the town, directed to prepare the viands—the day arrived—the hour was near, and the Doctor, in expecting his guests, made acute calculations of a solid and lengthened consumption of what might remain of fragments from the feast. The clock struck—the guests had arrived, and the solemn impatience for refection was generally exhibited, when John entered to announce dinner, and at the same time the arrival of a vessel from Smyrna, in quarantine, having Colonel F——d on board—(a gentleman equally and closely connected with royalty, as with all that is graceful and gallant in his profession)—What was to be done? With the Colonel, the Doctor had unfortunately quarrelled previous to the former having left the Island; official civility might repair the breach, and it was of some importance that reconciliation should occur. Placing his guests at table, and promising to return in an instant, the Doctor took his way to the *Parlatorio*, where the Colonel awaited him, and having exhausted his politeness in greeting his arrival, ventured to suggest that all former coolness might be discarded. “My dear sir, give me your hand,” exclaimed the officer, and the delighted physician, eagerly offered the desired pledge of renewed friendship, unsuspecting of any wicked design against his comfort or his banquet. The Doctor had now subjected himself to quarantine. The other sworn officers of the establishment dared not relax. An official and supplicatory report was hastily made to the authorities enjoying themselves at his own board, under his proper roof; but the law was clear and must be obeyed. The necessary and distasteful orders were given; and while his guests poured “huge draughts of Rhenish down” in drinking to the sanitary state of their host, he ruefully took his place by the malicious Colonel, dinnerless and placeless, for his imprudence could not be well overlooked, and he retired from his unpalatable prison to cold quarters, and to the roughing it of a soldier’s life, with the dinner-bells for his amusement in his hours of leisure.

ON BABBAGE'S CALCULATING MACHINE.

Inventa est hodie cum miro machina sensu,

Expers est cerebri, computat illa tamen;

Omnibus ab numerisque soluta, en dividit, addit,

Multiplicat, repetit, quadrat, opusque probat

Nusquam aliud caput ex ligno solertius exstat;

Et verum in manibus, jam λογισμὸν habes.

THE RIOTS IN 1780,

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

As some of our grey-headed readers may have forgotten those remarkable scenes, and others may never have seen a fair account of them, they may not be unwilling to receive such an account from one who was present in the scenes he describes.

Lord George Gordon called on the members of the association of which he was become the head, to meet him in St. George's Fields, thence to proceed, in a body, to present a petition to parliament, praying they would not grant any relief to the Roman Catholics, or in any way diminish the evils they suffered from the existing state of the laws. The place of meeting exists no longer in the state it then was in—a line drawn from the Asylum to the Magdalen, there to the King's Bench, along Newington Causeway to Fishmongers' Almshouses, to the Dog and Duck, then existing where Bedlam now stands, on to the Staggs, on the road to Kennington and Vauxhall, and passing behind the ground belonging to the asylum, inclosed a field in which, at that time, there did not exist a single house. The obelisk has been recently erected where it now stands. All the roads which now meet around it were laid out, and the foot-ways on each side of every road carefully separated by wooden rails from the turf, appropriated to the feeding of cattle. The association was divided into sections, named according to the quarter of the town in which they lived, and the dictator directed that all the members of each division should assemble in one division of the field, that every man might be under the observation of his neighbour; his lordship took his own station near the obelisk, that he might be at hand to address each division in its turn; and I, having no object but that of a curious observer, placed myself as near to him as I could get, with a design to hear what he said.

Having given his directions to all, he proceeded on his way along the Borough-road to Southwark; his followers fell into rows, of six or more each, with tolerable order, proceeding through the City towards Westminster. The men seemed all to belong to the lower orders of tradesmen and working men, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with clean linen, and well washed faces. As the gratification of curiosity was my only motive for being there, having seen the body set off, I passed over the West end, where I lived, thinking that I should see more than I should by following the crowd. I walked on till I met the cortege in Fleet Street, turned about, returning to my own house, remaining there till the whole had passed in to Westminster.

The procession proceeded to Westminster, gradually filling Palace Yard, Abingdon Street, some streets beyond, and every thing thence up past Charing Cross—several hours were occupied in doing this. The time for the Houses of Parliament to meet was approaching—the members had to pass through this dense crowd; in doing so, all were insulted, and some injured in person; and some had their

carriages broken. Guards, both horse and foot, were stationed for their protection, but the mob becoming uproarious, it was found necessary to read the riot act. Justice Hyde was sent for to do this, and as there was something ludicrous as well as serious in this proceeding, I shall describe what I saw of it.

Hyde, a mean tradesman, in his usual dress, with the Act of Parliament, held open with both hands, was seated on one of the light horseman's horses, the bridle held by one of the soldiers on each side, to make him keep pace with themselves, and a strong detachment of the corps, with drawn swords, were pressing, in double quick time to force their way through the immense crowd, to arrive at the scene of action; the crowd yielding with difficulty to the pressure, and closing upon their haunches when they were passed. They arrived in Palace Yard, the Riot Act was read, and the soldiers disturbed the crowd by driving them from one place to another, though most unwilling to disperse; a large mob continually closing up towards the entrance of the House of Commons, expressing insolent reflections upon those members who were hostile to their cause. Lord George frequently left the house, and from a window or balcony, repeated to the mob without, what he *said* was said in the house by the hostile members; he repeated this so often that at last Colonel Gordon, a member of the same family, seized him by the collar, drew his own sword, and vehemently threatened to run him through the body if he did not return into the house, and remain there quiet till it adjourned;—this put an end to the disgraceful scene in that quarter. As the evening closed in, the number of the mob diminished, and with difficulty I, accompanied by a friend, made our way to the entrance of the house, where several groups were encouraging each other, by gross reflections on the Catholics and those who favoured their cause. We heard one group repeating to each other, now *we will go to Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, and moved away in that direction. My companion and I followed, intending to see whatever was done there. At the entrance to the Chapel in Duke Street, about an hundred persons were assembled, not the decently dressed persons who had followed Gordon in the procession, but butchers' boys, bricklayers' labourers, and other persons of a similar description, who are known to be inmates of St. Giles's and others, the worst part of the town. These had collected a quantity of stones, bricklayers' rubbish, and similar materials, with which they attempted to break the great window of the Chapel, but the strong wire screen which covered it, opposed so much resistance that they seemed to have little chance of success. They seemed resolved to persevere, and my friend and self being equally resolved to see the event, we placed ourselves against the rails enclosing the centre of the square, whence we could see all that passed without mixing in the crowd.

The useless battering of the window continued; the mob, and the uproar increased. *Wallace*, at that time, attorney, or solicitor-general, living in Newcastle House, adjoining to Queen Street, came and stood by my companion and me, quietly contemplating the scene. At last, one of the mob obtained an iron crow, with which the door was soon broke open: the mob rushed into the

chapel; its contents were brought out, and burned, as well as the chapel itself, amidst shouts of "No Popery," from the surrounding crowd, which continually increased. When the conflagration was nearly complete, a strong body of soldiers appeared, keeping the mob at a distance; but they continued their vociferations till the fire was extinct. Why Wallace, a member of the government, remained a quiet spectator of this scene for two hours, instead of taking any measures to prevent it, I cannot even conjecture; but I am certain of the fact. On the same night, a catholic chapel near Moorfields, was burned, and others were reported to be so; but it was not known authentically, whether those reports were correct.

On the following morning the town was in confusion. Business was interrupted, and the streets crowded with persons vociferating, "No Popery," and similar exclamations. These became more numerous as the day advanced, till, afternoon, they attacked two large distilleries in Holborn, the property of Langdale, an eminent Roman Catholic. They staved all the vats containing the fluids, in every stage of manufacture, as well as the puncheons of finished spirits; these were suffered to run down the streets, filling the kennels, and overflowing the whole. Some of the mob went on their hands and knees, to drink from the gutters; then rolled over on their sides, plunging in the fluids, and careless who rolled over them; thus accumulating a scene of brutal intemperance, which those who did not see, can never understand. The streets, from Middle Row to Newgate, were so crowded, that it was difficult for one man to pass another. Towards evening a report spread, that Newgate was to be burned that night. Intending to be present, I made my way through the crowd, to the south-east corner of St. Sepulchre's Church-yard, beyond which I could not proceed; and from that elevated spot, had a full view of all that passed before the prison.

The people were crowded together as closely as possible, except a small space in the centre, left for the operatives to attempt to work in. They threw stones at the windows of the governor's house, in hopes of breaking them, but in vain: they battered the door with sledge hammers, but it did not yield. At last, some men placed their hands against the wall, others jumped on their shoulders, broke the windows, and that way gained admittance, opened all the doors, and thus admitted the mob, who set all the inmates at liberty; carried all that was in the house into the street, burned it, and likewise burned the building itself most completely. This conflagration employed a great part of the night, without other interruption, but from the City Association, which was no serious interruption whatever.

All business was now at an end. On the following morning, deputations from the mob went to the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, giving regular notice to the inmates, to remove their private property in the course of the day; and what must seem extraordinary, is, these notices were acted upon, as if they had been strictly legal: all the prisoners did remove their own property, and themselves, without interruption from the legal authorities. Late in the day, the mob came, burned down both the buildings: the conflagration, in both places, was tremendous, and occupied the whole of the night.

On the same night, a terrible scene of another kind, took place not far distant. Upon Blackfriars Bridge were toll-houses, as there are upon other bridges at present, for the toll-gatherers to reside in: in the morning the mob had destroyed these, and, for reasons best known to themselves, threatened to return in the evening, and do further mischief. The government had now assumed activity, and caused a strong body of troops, both horse and foot, to be stationed in Chatham Square, on one side of the bridge, and by the Albion Mills, on the other. These orders were given simultaneously, and executed when they were not expected by the people, who not only filled the bridge, but the streets leading to it, to a distance on both sides. As the horse-soldiers, on both sides, mounted and rode at a quick pace, to take possession, the crowd retreated before them, on each side the bridge, till they could not be crowded closer together, which, to them, had the most serious consequences.

I had heard the King's Bench was to be destroyed that day, and, being quite at leisure, determined to be a spectator. With this view, and my way being over the bridge, I attempted to go that way; but the soldiers stationed there, would not allow me to set a foot within the Square, and I was forced to proceed over London Bridge. Vexation now prompted me to see what was doing on Blackfriars Bridge: I made my way there, but found I could not be admitted there, more than I was on the London side, and submitted to the disappointment, fortunate to me, since to it I owe the power I have, of writing this account of a transaction at which I was present, though I write it from the description of one who was an actor in the scene.

The Horse-guards in those days, were very different from what the corps so called, is at present; like the mousquetaires under the old government in France, the officers were of rank superior to many other officers of other corps in the army; the privates were very superior to common soldiers; they were men of property, mostly in business, and all of them purchasing their employment for the regulated price of 400*l.*, and selling it for the same sum whenever they chose to quit the service. Their duty was to be guards to his Majesty and household, and so regulated that each man was on duty four days, and their turn did not come again till after twenty-eight days had elapsed. These circumstances made the horse-guards of that time, very different from what they are at present. I was well acquainted with one of these men, who was on duty that day upon Blackfriar's-bridge, and described to me the scene in which he was engaged.

The bridge, and the street leading to it on each side, were crowded with the insurgents, the soldiers taking possession of it, moved at the same time on each side, driving the mob before them, till the bridge was as much crowded as it could be, and none were suffered to pass the guards, or go on to, or off from the bridge; being confined in this manner, they became riotous, and insulted the soldiers with foul language, and throwing stones or dirt when they were to be got; the men bore this with patience and good humour. The mob broke into the house nearest the water, on the west side of Chatham-square, broke the windows, tumbled the moveable furniture into the street or

the river, and from the exalted station they had thus gained, they insulted the military with additional virulence; this was continued the whole day, but still increasing, till some time after dark, a shot, from either pistol or blunderbuss, was fired from an upper window of the house, and wounded one of the horse-guards; this put an end to all forbearance on their part, and was a signal to begin the tremendous scene that followed.

The men were ordered to dismount, secure their horses, unite, and attack the house, break open the door, and while one party remained in the street to prevent any one from escaping, the rest entered sword in hand, attacked and cut down all they met. None of the mob who entered that house ever left it alive: when all were prostrate, whether dead, wounded, or dying, the soldiers threw them out of the windows into the river. The house was closed, and the soldiers now remounted their horses.

It was now determined to attack the mob on the bridge itself; the attack was made on each end at the same time. The horse charged sword in hand, the infantry with bayonets fixed, and firing, at the same time driving the mob from each end towards the centre—all were cut down, or otherwise killed, except those who were active enough to climb over the ballustrade and crouch down upon the cornice over the arches, in hopes of escaping notice by that artifice, which rendered them but little service.

When the military were masters of the bridge, they proceeded to throw all the bodies found upon it, without discrimination, into the river; in doing this, they saw those who fancied they were secure by getting outside the ballustrade, and with fixed bayonets or other means that were at hand, drove them from this, their last refuge, into the water, where they all perished. The amount of human life sacrificed in this affair, was never known, though it must have been very great; for a friend of my own, who lived by the river side, at the bottom of Arundel-street, informed me that he passed many hours of that night at his windows, listening to the firing on the bridge, the cries of the wounded, and the falling of bodies into the water as they were thrown over. Wherever bodies thus disposed of, grounded on the banks of the river, they were buried without notice; most of them might have been of the mob, but others among them of a different description: young men imprudently mixing in crowds to see what was going on, might have been caught on the bridge and killed, as well as the more guilty, in this indiscriminate slaughter.

On the same day, the Duke of Bedford's house, in Bloomsbury-square, was attempted, but on throwing open the gates, a strong body of military was seen stationed in the fore-court; there the mob showed no inclination to attack, and made no attempt. The Earl of Mansfield's house, on the north east side of the same square, was burned, and his most valuable library, containing the result of all the professional labours of his long life, were totally destroyed.

On the following morning the mob seemed to have acquired the greatest degree of assurance. They paraded the principal streets in numerous gangs, going from door to door asking for money to support the poor mob, and marked the houses of those who refused to

give, with chalk, threatening to return in the evening and burn them for refusing. Whatever induced the ruling powers to neglect this matter so long, they now began to stir. Soldiers were drawn from different parts of the country towards London. One camp was formed in St. James's Park, another in the gardens of the British Museum, and others in different situations where they might be useful. This was now become highly necessary; for the mob, finding their orders had been obeyed at the Fleet and King's Bench, sent a similar notice to the Bank of England, intimating their determination to visit that establishment. They now began to mount the sky-blue cockade, which had long been the favourite symbol of Wilkes and liberty; they wore it themselves, and likewise insulted those who did not. This was now interrupted by the appearance of light-horsemen in the street, sometimes singly, at others in pairs, riding as patrols with sabres drawn. Where they saw several of the mob together, they were ordered to disperse; where blue cockades were seen, the possessors were ordered to give them up to the soldiers. This was, by these children of liberty, thought a hardship, and resisted by grumbling, which was generally overcome by a few smart strokes from the *flat side* of a sabre, but I saw none who indicated a desire to be subjected to the operation of losing blood. As every thing indicated an important change in the order of things, I changed my resolution from being present at seeing what was going on, to that of seeing what had been done after it was over.

The sight of individual houses burning, or, after having recently been burned, had entirely lost the charm of novelty for me, and left scarcely any other, they were so very common. Walking home one night, I counted twelve extensive streams of light in different parts of the firmament, reflected from different fires in various parts of the town, and heard different volleys of musquetry, which indicated that mischief was doing its work in various parts of the town. This induced me, the following day, to survey, in the safety of broad day-light, the scenes in which the firing that I heard the preceding evening passed.

In going towards the city, where the principal actions of the preceding evening seemed to have passed, great alterations in the streets were perceived. Holborn was deserted, and the pavement so dry, that not a single drop of gin was to be perceived, nor any individual capable of drinking it had it been there. Newgate was a deserted ruin, as much so as King John's Palace at Eltham, or Kirkstall Abbey in Yorkshire. The first symptoms of animation—that is, active mischief—shewed itself at the top of Cheapside: this induced me to press forward to the fountain head whence all this mischief sprung. I learnt that the mob had kept its promise, sending to inform the governors of the Bank they would go in the evening to receive their dividends in person, not doubting that they would be duly honoured. The silence, if not the civility, they were received with, misled them to believe the rest would be a matter of course. Upon knocking at the gates a pause first ensued, then the gates opened *slowly*. Those assailants who were nearest being pushed forwards by those immediately behind, and they by others in succession

—for a dense crowd extended far beyond the Mansion House in one direction, and Broad-street in the other, the advanced corps could not recede, but being pressed forwards by the crowd behind were received with a volley of musketry from regulars who had been clandestinely admitted by the back ways. The assailants could not immediately turn about and run for it at once, being prevented by those who, ignorant of the danger, kept pressing forwards. At last they did face about, and fled with all possible speed towards the top of Cheapside, being pursued by a hot fire from their pursuers, who followed them closely, firing low and frequently; for the shops being still shut, I saw very numerous bullet-holes in the shutters the whole length of Cheapside: they were fired with good intent, for the holes made in the shutters were so low, that if the body of a man had been placed before them, that man must have been destroyed; and from these circumstances that the destruction of human life, in this rencontre, must have been very great.

All was now quiet, but the real commanders of the insurrection, whoever they might be, though disappointed by the check they had so unexpectedly received, now determined to make a more serious attack on the following evening, and preparations were made to receive them with equal energy. A large body of troops were admitted by the back ways, and stationed within the Bank. Strong patrols paraded the outside, to prevent people from assembling in the streets outside, and indeed to prevent people from collecting in groups in any direction. The different corps of the City Association assembled at their different stations, to prepare for the conflict which, it was believed universally, would take place on the following night. All who were disposed to be in safety retired to their homes, and left the streets free for the combatants. As all who were present during the conflict, I who was not can only say, that upon that night a more violent attack was made on the Bank than that of the preceding night, and the defeat was more complete. The severest contest is said to have been between the Bank and New Broad-street, where the greater part of the City Association was stationed. Their services on this occasion were very great, and their victory complete. The insurgents did not make head after that night. When order was restored, Wheatley, an eminent artist of that time, was employed by authority to paint a large picture representing the most remarkable scene, as it took place in Broad-street. This was engraved by Heath, and sold very extensively; and wherever it is still to be seen, it may justly be taken as a correct representation of the fact.

Mischief had now done its worst; and retribution, in its turn, now began to work. Lord George Gordon was arrested for high treason, and committed to the Tower. The police was set to work to seek for the working rioters, who were found without difficulty. A special commission was issued to try them as soon as possible; of this, Lord Loughborough was placed at the head. On this occasion he obtained much praise, from one party for the energy he displayed in conducting these trials, while by those who were favourable to the insurgents or their cause, unceremoniously compared him, though

with reason, to Judge Jefferies. In every case, execution speedily followed condemnation, and generally took place before the ruins of those buildings the offenders had destroyed. Of this I saw one instance—which tends to prove, that if proper resistance had been made, much of the evil that did take place would have been prevented.

In the beginning of these troubles, a party of his lower neighbours attacked the house of Mahon, a Roman Catholic apothecary, who lived at the eastern corner of Great Russell-street and Bow-street, Covent-garden; it is now a book or printsellers. A large crowd assembled round his house. He caused his shop to be shut as securely as possible, barricaded his doors, and placed himself outside the windows of his first floor, standing upon the top of his shop window at the corner, whence he could have a full view of every thing that passed. A large crowd assembled round the house, yelling "No popery! Down with him!" and many similar ejaculations. He stood a quiet spectator. Those behind pushed those who were before them forwards, exciting them to begin. The operatives on one side prepared to batter the doors and shutters. Seeing this, Mahon called to the most active individuals, describing them by their dresses or other peculiarities, telling them of the illegality of their proceedings, and advising them, in well-measured terms, of what might be the consequences. This caused the operatives to pause; while their companions at some distance, perhaps not hearing what he said, vociferated, "D——n his eyes, —— don't mind his jaw; knock him down!" and other equally delicate expressions.

When Mahon had brought his opponents to a stand still on one side of his house, their companions became more troublesome on the other; he fled to that and received them in the same manner, thus moving himself continually to address that part of the mob who seemed most disposed to do mischief, he kept the whole at bay for more than two hours, till a strong body of foot-guard came to the spot, surrounded the house, which suffered no injury.

This intrepid man, it seems, employed his time in carefully marking his assailants, for, after the riots were ended, he discovered several of the guilty—prosecuted them to conviction—and two were executed before his house. I was present during the riot, and saw these persons were among the most active of those who were engaged in it. One was a boy, not more than fourteen years old, and the other certainly not twenty. The crowd assembled to see them suffer, was as numerous as those who had witnessed their guilt. Mahon did what, perhaps, it had been prudent to avoid. He stood, during their execution, motionless, upon the same part of his house, on which he stood while he exerted himself, successfully, to prevent them from doing the injury they meditated.

One most remarkable circumstance of these scenes was, that all the persons, who attended Lord George Gordon, in his procession, were decent looking men, clean and well-dressed, according to their apparent rank in society, but these seem to have disappeared with the day-light, on the first day; for most of those I found surrounding the

House of Commons, were evidently mere blackguards, prepared for mischief; so were those I found in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and, indeed, the same may be said of all those who were most active in the various scenes of mischief, I had opportunities of seeing. Whether they were really different classes of people, or the same differently dressed, according to the different scenes in which they were engaged, cannot now be known.

COMPLIMENT TO THE CLERGY.

Old Sheridan, of witty notoriety,

Gave once a dinner to a high-bred party;

Of wines and viands there was great variety—

Happy the guests were, and their welcome hearty.

His tradesmen having heard the prodigal

At last had pension got and place,

Sent in his orders freely one and all;

Who should be foremost there was quite a race.

For all this cost and preparation made,

I marvel if the bills were ever paid?

Dinner announced—the guests expecting stood,

And viewed with eager eyes the dainty food.

The host, with solemn face,

Was just beginning to say grace,

But stopping, quoth he—"pray

Is there a clergyman here to-day?"

"No, sir," replied a youngster, "one and all,

From end to end, are laical."

Then, and the roguish wit, with hands upraised,

And meekly bowing, said, "*The Lord be praised.*"

THE THREE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

FROM THE UNTRANSLATED WORK OF CICERO ON THE REPUBLIC.

A mixed form of government is now so universally admitted to be the best that human wisdom can devise, that it would be superfluous to produce arguments in order to establish the proposition which Cicero lays down and history confirms. The Roman government was of that description; and the most renowned nations of antiquity were of the same form of state polity. *Lycurgus** established it at Sparta, where it lasted for many centuries; and it was the means of saving that state from the thralldom of a tyrant and the licentiousness of a democracy, to which the other monarchies and republics of Greece were continually exposed. According to Aristotle† and Plutarch,‡ *Solon*, the legislator of Athens, placed the city of Minerva under a mixed form of government; though, as we all know, it eventually merged into a pure democracy. The constitution of Carthage,§ so well entitled to rank as one of the most eminent nations of antiquity, the mother of Hannibal, the mistress of the ocean, and the rival of Rome, was founded on the same principle.

The advocates for the simple forms of government are now either the paid advocates of an absolute monarchy, or the visionary enthusiasts of an equal democracy. And though there are some few exceptions to this general remark, the men who thought the most deeply on politics in ancient and modern times, Aristotle and Cicero, Bacon and Montesquieu, have agreed in considering a mixed form of government the best adapted for securing the liberty and stability of a state.

Liberty never has any domicile but in the state in which the sovereign power resides in the people, and certes nothing can be sweeter, though if it be not equality, it ceases to be liberty. But how can equality exist, I will not say in a monarchy where the slavery is neither doubtful nor disguised, but how can it exist where the people have merely the name of being free? They give them votes, they delegate their commands, they are solicited and canvassed by candidates for the government, but these things must be given even if they were not desirous so to do, and if they themselves did not possess what they are solicited to bestow. For they are deprived of all civil and military command, and of the rank of judges, advantages which are obtained by the antiquity of and the influence of wealth.

* * * * *

“According to these philosophers, when there have existed in a state one or more individuals of surpassing opulence, privileges have arisen through their pretensions and pride, and also in consequence of the inactivity and weakness of the other citizens, and their succumbing to the arrogance of the rich. But let the people preserve

* See Polylius, Book VI.

† See Aristot. Polit. II. 72.

‡ Plutarch in *Solon*. xvii.

§ See Servius to Virg. *Æneid*. iv. 682.

|| See Book I. c. 31, 32, 33.

their own rights, and they say that nothing can be freer, happier, or more excellent ; since they are the masters of the laws, of the courts of justice, of war and of peace, of treaties, and of the life and fortune of every citizen ; and this alone, in their opinion, is properly entitled to the name of a commonwealth, that is, the weal of the community. It is for this reason that a state often breaks from the domination of kings and of senates, and asserts its right to liberty, and that free people do not put themselves under the government of kings, or under the power and influence of an aristocracy. They further say, that this scheme of popular liberty ought not to be rejected on account of the crimes of a wild, ungovernable people ; that nothing is more immutable, nothing more durable, than a people unanimous in their sentiments, and performing every act with reference to their security and and liberty ; that concord is most easily obtained in a state where every thing is of the same advantage to all ; that discord is produced by a variety of conflicting interests, when the same thing does not equally interest every citizen. Thus, when an aristocracy has obtained the supreme power, the commonwealth has never retained its splendour ; and far less in monarchies, in which, as Ennius says,

Nor faith nor holy concord e'er exist.

Therefore, since law is the bond of civil society, and equality is the equity of law, by what equity can the union of citizens be retained, when their condition is not equal ?

“ But * supposing a free people should have the choice of those to whom they might entrust their interests, and should choose the most excellent citizens, as they certainly would, if they wished to enjoy security, it must be admitted that the safety of states depends on the counsels of these men ; and especially since nature has implanted this principle, that those who are distinguished for their virtue and intellect, should not only rule the weaker, but that the latter also should be desirous of submitting to the former. They further tell us that this most excellent form of government has been destroyed by the erroneous opinions of mankind, who, through their ignorance of virtue, which few actually possess, and which few can appreciate, suppose that the best men are those who abound in the greatest opulence and wealth, and are descended from an illustrious family. When, in consequence of this mistake of the multitude, the power, and not the virtues, of a few, have kept possession of the republic, these chiefs obstinately retain the title of the aristocracy, while in reality they have no right to that appellation ; for riches, glory, and influence, without any fixed method by which your own life may be regulated, and other men may be governed, are replete with infamy and supercilious insolence ; nor is there any form of government more detestable than that in which the most opulent are reckoned the most excellent. And what can be more illustrious than a state under the government of virtue ? When the man who commands others is himself a slave to no inordinate passion ; when all the things which

* Book I. ch. 34.

he has appointed for the observance of the citizens, himself has embraced ; and who never imposes laws on the people which he himself does not obey, but, on the contrary, exhibits his life like a law for the inspection of his fellow-citizens. If this single individual were able to perform every thing, there could be no occasion for any more ; and if the multitude always perceived what is best to be done, and unanimously agreed on it, no one would desire an aristocracy. The difficulty of a wise determination on political subjects, has transferred the administration from a king to a larger number of persons ; the errors and indiscretion of the people have also transferred it from the multitude to a select body of individuals. Thus the aristocracy have obtained a middle station equally removed from the weakness of a single person, and the headstrong impetuosity of a multitude, than which nothing can be better regulated ; and when the commonwealth is under their protection, the greatest happiness must necessarily be enjoyed by the people, unoppressed with any thing demanding care and thought ; their repose secured to them by others who must preserve it, and who must never commit any action which may lead the people to think that the aristocracy neglect their interests."

Lalius then presses Scipio to give them his own opinion on the three forms of government, and likewise to tell them which of the three he considers most calculated to secure the prosperity and stability of a state. He states, in reply, that a mixed form of government is, in his opinion, far better than mere monarchy, mere aristocracy, or mere democracy ; but yet, if he were compelled to give his preference to one, it would certainly be to monarchy. In this, Cicero only imitated the Grecian poets and philosophers, most of whom, though born in Athens, the most democratical of all the cities of Greece, still strenuously advocated the government of a single person. Daily witnesses as they were to the bloody scenes of a factious oligarchy, and the wild fury of a headstrong democracy, what wonder that, disgusted with such horrors, they should fly to the opposite extreme, and stand forth the champions of monarchy ? It is however a remarkable fact, that their influence was never diminished by such opinions, and that, on the contrary, they were admired by their contemporaries and succeeding generations, as ornaments of their country, and instructors of mankind. What poet of Greece was so enthusiastically loved as Homer ? The children learnt to lisp his verses ; the youth cherished them as the grand depository of all that was glorious and sublime ; the aged reverted to them as the joy of their juvenitude, the delight of their manhood, and the consolation of their old age ; they were chaunted by rhapsodists at private feasts and public festivals ; in them was depicted the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, the basis of the popular religion,—from them the poets derived subjects for their odes, their tragedies, and their epics,—and yet Homer was the bold uncompromising advocate of monarchy, and the severest censurer of democracy ; for he declares, in the strongest terms, " no good comes from the government of the many—let one be ruler and one be king."*

* *Iliad*, Book ii. l. 204.

After arguing at some length on the advantages of a monarchy, Cicero enumerated the revolutions to which the simple forms of government are continually exposed; and proceeds in order to examine those to which a monarchy is subject. And the first is, when a king ceases to be just, oppresses his subjects, and becomes a tyrant, for them he is sure, sooner or later, to be deprived of his sceptre, and hurled from his throne. This is one of the few truths, which no one has the boldness, or rather the ignorance to dispute; it is confirmed by history both ancient and modern, sacred and profane; for whether we consider a Rehoboam, or a Tarquin, a Charles, or a Louis, we invariably find that oppression by the king, produces rebellion in the subject.

"But* this is the first, and most certain revolution in royalty. When a king begins to be unjust, monarchy immediately perishes; and such a person is a tyrant, the worse form of government though bordering on the best. If the aristocracy has crushed him, the state is then subject to the second of the three kinds of government, and it forms a species of royal, or rather paternal authority, by the union of the principal citizens consulting for the good of the people. If the people unaided, and by themselves, have killed or banished a tyrant, they act with moderation, as long as they preserve the faculties of thought and of reflection, are delighted with the glorious termination of their exploits, and are desirous of preserving that government procured by their own exertions. But if the people have inflicted violence on a just being, or have robbed him of his kingdom; at even, a more frequent occurrence, have tasted the blood of the nobles, and have made the whole state completely subservient to their headstrong passions, be assured that no sea—no conflagration—is so terrible, but that it is far easier to master them, than to appease the unbridled licentiousness of a multitude."

And we cannot be surprised, that a people long oppressed by slavery, and unacquainted with the sweets of liberty, should after obtaining their freedom, be unable to use it with moderation. Their crimes rest upon the head of the tyrant, who kept them in such abject vassalage, that the transition from servitude to liberty, produces the most terrible and awful effects. Here Cicero translates a passage from Plato's Republic; in which is described a pure democracy unrestrained by any authority either human or divine. It is written with that brilliancy of imagination, which is conspicuous in all his works, and which has entitled him to the somewhat anomalous designation of the "poetical philosopher." Liberty can scarcely degenerate into such licentiousness as Plato describes; but after reflecting upon the French revolution, the assertions of the Grecian philosopher will not appear totally devoid of truth.

Thus we again come to the original proposition, that a mixed form of government is the most excellent of all. Cicero, in the next book, gives a masterly delineation of the early history of Rome; but our limits forbid us to follow him into this part of his subject.

* Book I. c. 42.

We hope, however, that the extracts we have given are sufficient to shew the beauty and the energy with which the work is written, and that the political maxims of Cicero will obtain some weight in the present times, so rife with mutations in the government of states. It ought not, however, to be forgotten that there are some, who attack the character of Cicero, impugn his political creed, designate him as an enemy to liberty, and brand him with the foul names of a recreant and an apostate. Such vile calumnies it is not our intention at present to refute, though it would not be difficult to shew that Cicero ever thought, spoke, and acted with a view to promote the welfare of Rome, and was ever ready to sacrifice his time, his property, and his feelings in the cause of his country, dying at last a martyr to the expiring liberties of the world. But this work on the republic is of itself a sufficient refutation; the patriotic thoughts of a great man breathe in every sentence and in every line. His dislike of tyranny, his hatred of a despotic aristocracy, and his utter detestation of a headstrong democracy, have evidently appeared in the preceding pages. But disregarding such calumnious imputations, it is highly encouraging to all aspirants in the walk of philosophy and of literature, to observe how the opinions of a man, perpetuated by works of sublime genius and profound erudition, are still treated with respect and veneration; and that as centuries after centuries roll on, they only seem to acquire greater influence, and to rivet their dominion more firmly over the minds of mankind. Thus the name of Cicero is never mentioned but with reverence by the learned in any quarter of the civilized world; and while the conquests of Alexander and of Cæsar only serve for a passing theme to the moralist, or a subject for the inspiration of the poet, the Roman orator still lives in all his majesty and grandeur; his letters still delight, his eloquence still commands the feelings of men, his works of deep philosophy are still unceasingly admired, and his treatise on politics, this work on the republic, is still venerated by the statesman, still instructs the politician by the truth of its maxims, and has ever been appealed to in the British senate as an authority of indisputable weight.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.—The curtain has fallen on the first act of the Reform Drama, without letting us know much of the plot of the piece. An opinion of its progress or termination may be hazarded, but only with safety by those who have had long experience on such a stage. For ourselves, we do not pretend to divination, but, from present appearances, it would seem that the authors have determined upon playing a safe game, and have either no talent for, or will not risk brilliancy or effect. They are satisfied to escape damnation, and are not ambitious of unqualified success. In plain words, the session having closed, the humblest may form his opinion of its efficacy.

The speech from the throne, which has dismissed the faithful guardians of our rights and breeches pockets to their midsummer holidays, is about as satisfactory as a complimentary circular from the "honest tradesman" to the customer who pays his bill. He is thankful for the past, and solicits future favours. Happy monarch! delighted people! Never was good easy country gentlemen more satisfied with the stewards who bring him his rents, than is our gracious king with his loyal and dutiful servants, who have drawn upon his lieges so liberally, and at as little cost as possible. Every subject of legislation is touched upon, and the monarch is enchanted with all. He speaks so rapturously of the wisdom by which their measures have been dictated, and anticipates such prosperous and glorious results, that we are induced to bow with, if possible, an increased veneration for the perception of royalty, seeing that three parts of the people can argue no such happy deductions from such premises. To be sure, few people are happy enough to view things through the medium of a civil list, which makes every thing appear *coleur de rose*.

Few have looked with greater respect upon the intentions of ministers than ourselves. They have had much to cope with, and if they have yielded in many instances, to the great disappointment of the more enlightened classes of the community, it must be remembered the formidable and grasping interests they have had to struggle with. But there are points for which there can be no excuse, not even palliation, by which no rich man can calculate profit or loss, no aristocratical self endangered. We allude more particularly to flogging in our military service. We happen to be practically conversant with military details, and if we possess more correct knowledge of the efficacy of such punishment than many of the decorated tyrants who would fasten an odious responsibility upon others, from which they would shrink with horror themselves; we are not presuming upon more than a very moderate share.

We are firmly convinced that no healthful moral tone can be introduced into the service until so degrading a punishment be done away with. Until then, the ranks of our army will be a refuge for felons—for such as have no shame, and can fear no degradation. Such refuse may fight in the field, but higher qualities are expected from them at home. The refusal of ministers, even to make a trial of another system of punishment, is as disgraceful as unwise. It is lending themselves to the prejudices of a few military martinets, against the united supplications of an entire community. It is betraying the very worst spirit of the old Tory times. It is traitorous to their own recorded sentiments—unjust to an oppressed and degraded class—and ungenerous to the people to whom they owe a power they so ungratefully repay.

"BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES."—There is no slave more debased on the earth than your free-born Briton. He will go stamping and roaring about, and screaming till he is hoarse, touching the blessings of his liberty; and if any astonished stranger should innocently remind the deluded savage of the clank of his chain, he will forthwith knock him on the head with half a dozen of its links.

What is impressment in the navy but a species of the most ignominious slavery that ever was inflicted upon a people. It will be seen that Mr. Buckingham's very humane motion for the abolition of this disgusting law was lost; but the smallness of the majority gives us hope that the close of the next session will not see this disgrace upon our statute-book. Members spoke of expediency, as if expediency were the slightest excuse for the violation of every social tie. It seems to us a national disgrace that any man possessing the feeling and spirit of a gentleman can be found hardy enough to bless his God that he owes his safety to such ignominious means. If the service held out proper inducement, men would never be wanting on any emergency, and if we can afford to pay millions for the partial manumission of slaves, we can afford, at least to pay men the wages they are worth to others. The Americans can afford a fair remuneration to the seamen, the merchant service can afford it, and why are we to force men to risk life, and limb, and brutal treatment, for half the wages they can get anywhere else. It was amusing to witness the effects of office in the person of Sir James Graham, Lord of the Admiralty. What apostates is not this same *office* capable of producing. When he was candidate for Hull, if we remember right, he was enthusiastically eloquent on the wrongs of the seaman. In how different a strain were his paltry pointless sarcasms, in his attempted reply to Mr. Buckingham, yet some witless boobies condescended to cheer him. Hear the Honourable Gentleman; "he did not look upon impressment as a hardship upon seamen; *they entered the sea service voluntarily*; by being subject to impressment *they only changed masters*." Did any one ever hear more flippant, and at the same time more heartless observations. If they entered the service *voluntarily* why need impressment? As to their only changing masters by impressment it may be very true; but the law of England, in every other case, allows a man to change his own master, and if one may judge, few would choose a service regulated by such a specimen as Sir James Graham.

A GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.—A great fuss has lately been made by certain interested parties in the City, touching the late transactions of Sir John Key; now although we do not pretend to act the Don Quixotte, by running a-muck at these windmills, or in other words, becoming Sir John's champion, yet wherever we see an act of oppression, and know the base nature which prompted it, our journal shall never be the last to place the affair in its true light, be the view we take of it, popular or not.

Now the fact is, that the trade to which Sir John has the ill-luck to belong is about the most envious and covetous of all those numerous guilds that batten within the liberties of this most renowned City of London, a small circumference; but, we do not hesitate to say, enclosing the greatest number of rogues in the known world. Now the worshipful company of Stationers are rogues *par excellence*, one half of them would stick at nothing short of the gallows, and it is this class that have never forgiven Sir John Key, elevating himself by his own conduct so much beyond them, as to deserve the thanks of his fellow citizens, and the reward of his sovereign. It must not be for-

gotten that Sir John Key was for two successive years a most efficient and upright chief magistrate, and did more than any man of the time to promote the wishes of the people, by placing the present ministry in power. He was neither niggard of time nor fortune in such endeavour, and the only thing he has ever asked was this paltry situation for his son, who was well qualified to undertake it. It does not take a man's life to know a good sheet of paper from a bad one. That Sir John Key has been guilty of subterfuge in this business, is as much the fault of a corrupted system of government, as of the man. Ever since our blessed and glorious boroughmongering constitution has flourished, patronage has always been a matter of speculation. Did no one ever hear of noblemen's daughters holding commissions, and drawing pay as captains of cavalry! was such a thing unheard of as boys at school receiving commissions in the army, and having leave of absence till they could join as senior officers! or of ladies maids having fifty pounds per annum, as state trumpeters! What lying and swearing must have preceded all these and hundreds more; yet they are "all honourable men." Whoever has witnessed the installation, or whatever they tell it, of a Bishop, has heard the right reverend oath commencing "*Nolo, &c.*" and yet these noble ecclesiastics sit on their bench in the House of Lords as meek as sucking doves,—as though they never told a lie in their lives.

We do say, that setting aside Sir John Key's previous services in the cause of reform, or the sacrifices he made as magistrate, it is unjustifiable to single him out of a host of noble and right honourable delinquents, to gratify an envious and greedy crew, each man of whom would sell the rags from the back of his own father, if he could get fourpence a pound by them.

THE CORMORANT CLERGY.—The clergy have resumed business with greater energy than ever. Imprisonment and distress is rife from one end of the kingdom to the other. The hounds of the law are let loose, and the parsons are halloing on the pack. They evince a spirit worthy of the blessed times of Smithfield and faggots, and if the present state of feeling will not permit them to indulge in the pleasant pastimes of their ancestors, they will go as near as they can, for conscience sake. One of the principal victims to clerical manummon, has been Mr. William Tait, the proprietor of the *Edinburgh Magazine* bearing his name, and a more liberal and just man does not exist. He resisted the flagrant imposition of the annuity tax, and was forthwith consigned to jail. If the clergy who were the means of such an outrage being committed on the person of so respectable a citizen had any other feeling than of rapacity and love of violence, they would have respected the scruples of such a man as Mr. Tait, and have tried the question with him in a less offensive form; but no; the jail is the best argument to quiet the cries of such contumacious subjects; it is the least troublesome course, consequently, the better to be adopted by the professors of Christian charity. In England, the rapacity exhibited by our pastors, one would think emanated from the suggestions of the arch-enemy himself. The shearing by those shepherds has been so close, that nothing less than the skin

will satisfy them. The accounts we have heard of the sufferings of many of the poorer classes in different parts of the country, is appalling. Will it be believed, that a clergyman, *the Reverend Mr. Blanshard*, has had the heart to imprison a labouring man for three months, because his cottage does not afford sufficient to cover the amount of two years tithe upon his miserable wages! The earnings of such poverty-stricken objects as the half-naked girls who scrape cockles on the sea coast, are valued at a penny a head!

Go your lengths, good friends! we are delighted to see you so employed; we heartily wish you such success as may stimulate you to increased exertions; assuredly, then, shall we be the sooner quit of you. With your own hands are you digging the pit into which you must fall; we are sorry for the many just and good men who may suffer, without whom the system would have long ago fallen to pieces; but the time is fast approaching when justice shall be dealt out to all classes, and we guess what sort of share will be set apart for these wolfish spoilers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WHEAT HARVEST, which commenced on some few of the most forward soils in the last week of July, may be reported as having been finished on such by the middle of the present month; and at the date hereof, it is scarcely to be supposed that there is any wheat abroad throughout this country. A finer and less expensive wheat harvest no living man has witnessed. As a peculiarity of the season, the wheat being finished, a pause ensued in various parts, neither the barley being ready for the scythe, nor, in fact, any other crop. Business has however proceeded with the most forward crops, but it will take a considerable portion of next month ere a complete finish can be given to this most nationally important occupation.

We speak from old experience—let no man set up as an agricultural prophet, or risk predictions of events dependent upon the most vacillating, variable, and uncertain of all nature's phenomena—the action and course of the atmosphere. A retrospect of the farming events, and the variety of sage opinions held and broached during the present year, will prove an admirable lesson in the case. For our own share, we do not wish to stand excused. There are certainly some favourable reports of the wheat crops, especially as to quality and weight; but they proceed chiefly from the best and most favoured soils, either as to local position, weather, or tillage. Perhaps on such, the crop may prove a full average in point of quantity, the weight and quality of the sample being of the highest order. Some samples of this description have reached market. A parcel of red wheat, of the species denominated the “golden drop,” from the famous and leading wheat county—Essex, was lately sold at Mark Lane, which weighed 66lbs the 8-gallon bushel, clear of the sack. These, however, are indeed *rara aves in terris*, the average weight being from 58 to 60lbs. The general accounts represent the wheat crop of the present season as much inferior to the last, both in quantity and quality, grain and straw: in fine, considerably below an average. It has received great and serious injuries from the long and unseasonable prevalence of cold northerly and easterly winds, these checking by night the vegetation and growth fostered and promoted by the solar heat during the day. This cause has induced its legitimate and well-known effects, more or less, throughout England. It is said there is more *smut* in

the present crop of wheat than has been known for some years, with its usual concomitants, burnt ears, the whole of which may be blown away like tinder, ear-cockle (burnt and shrivelled kernels), red gum, &c., all the natural effects of *blight*; the straw, however, is said to have been more fortunate, and to have escaped better than the ear, which agrees with our own observation. It is really amusing to read certain friends' letters on the ancient and weather-beaten subject of smut in wheat. They lament, with so much gravity, the neglect of many farmers, in that they did not brine, and lime, and dress their seed wheat last autumn, in order to prevent smut. A neglect certainly, yet the said process will never prevent the disease in a smutty season like the late, abounding in constant interchanges of heat and cold, moisture and drought. Smut has indeed, in the present as well as preceding seasons, according to our information, acted with much impartiality, affecting, in equal measure, the briners and non-briners.

We have spoken of the superior samples of this golden crop, and even among those, many have been found of a bad hand and damp, a state in which the bulk of this year's wheat has unfortunately, and somewhat strangely, been found. Yet surely it is a singular occurrence that, in so dry or rather droughty a season, there should be no mean of getting wheat up dry. No doubt the reasons for these hasty measures are sufficiently obvious—want of money, and apprehension of a decline in the markets. But there are numerous growers that such motives cannot and ought not to influence; and, after all, this hurrying the corn to market may contribute more towards bringing down the prices than any other cause in speculation. With the above exceptions, then, in regard to quality and quantity, which we hope will amount to one-fourth part of the crop, there will remain three-fourths much below an average in quantity, and in quality middling, inferior, shrivelled and light, diseased. The stock of old wheat in the country is perhaps considerably larger than has been calculated, to which may be added the quantity of foreign in bond; but it is yet too early to speculate on either the autumnal or following spring markets. There is a vast quantity of wheat so damp, that it will not acquire a good hand for market without the keeping of many months. The price of wheat, wavering in some few parts, is generally held up with considerable firmness.

The most unfavourable accounts we have seen are from the south-western parts generally. Their wheat harvest closed about the middle of the month, the weather being constantly fine and giving no interruption, and the whole business performed with little more than half the usual labour and expense; but the sting in the tail of this benefit is, the number of sheaves to be carted was poor indeed, even below expectation, though from a crop on the ground which had, during a long time, appeared fearfully light. We should hope there is some exaggeration of misfortune in the following account, which we have seen in the newspapers. "According to the estimate of two practical farmers and professional valuers, on four thousand acres of land, much of them in the Vale of Taunton, so famous for the production of wheat, the average produce of that grain, in the present year, is but 13 bushels per statute acre!" A Somersetshire farmer proceeds to remark on this—"the present price of new wheat being 6s. 6d. per bushel, the above acreable amount is 4l. 4s. 6d., whilst the cost of production is, in many instances, double, and in very few can be taken so low as 6l. 15s. Of the other crops, little can be said until next month, yet of that little, more than is pleasant. Barley will be much under an average, it is supposed; a light crop in corn and straw, and the grain lean and much discoloured; with, however, favourable exceptions, as in the case of the wheat crop. Pease short in quantity; beans also defective, and since this continued drought gone off in many parts in so alarming a degree, that there will be scarcely any crop at all; and that upon heavy clays, where beans are the farmers' chief dependence. Potatoes,

according to appearances, will be a lighter crop than last year, which was also inferior to the preceding. Mangel Wurtzel in the same, or a worse predicament, since much of it has been ploughed up as worthless. Turnips, that supposed successful and safe crop, have also gone off from the drought; and, strange as it may seem, the fly has really attacked them in this late stage of their growth. As an old stager lately said to us—"who the devil would now be a farmer that could help it?" Oats are still deemed the best crop of the year, together with tares, and some of the seeds. Hops have hitherto borne a good report, though in a season one would suppose more favourable to the fly than the fruit. Betting on the duty varies between 170,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* From the want of rain the pastures, particularly upland, and those in light and dry situations, are as bare of herbage as the King's highway; in course, the holders will no longer find themselves at a loss as to what to do with their large stocks of hay. There is nothing else left wherewith to feed; and in those countries where labouring oxen are in use, the consumption of hay will be great indeed. Late cutting the clovers has greatly reduced the second crop. Of what value would a score acres of well-cultivated, clean lucerne now prove? but who is in possession of such a prize? Though cow-grass hay, trefoil, and water and best meadow, have proved crops, but generally the quantity of hay is far short of last year's. Fat cattle, on the whole, hold price, with temporary and local variations, and mutton has experienced an additional demand, from the opinion of the medical faculty of its superior salubrity, in these our days of apprehension from *cholera morbus*. Store cattle also hold price, notwithstanding the scarcity of feed. Wool, so long a drug, has advanced 40 per cent. during the last twelve months; and there is yet a demand, in particular for the long or combing species, the exclusive produce of our own country. Of the fine, or clothing wools, the supply has been great from the opposite continent, and from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. At the late great fair of Horncastle, good horses sold at very high prices; many foreign purchasers attending, and going to the price of one to three hundred guineas.

No part of Northern Europe seems to have had such a harvest of settled fine weather to boast as England. In the northern parts of Scotland they have been impeded by rains and high winds. In Germany, particularly the northern parts, their harvest has been obstructed by cold rains and high winds, and their general expectations, from this year's crop of wheat, are below our own. To the Southward, in the Italian States and Sicily, the crops have proved most abundant. Our own dear and fortunate country is still disgraced by damnable INCENDIARISM, whilst "the divine justice of retribution sleeps!"

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* Mutton, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.*—Lamb, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—5*s.* dairy.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40*s.* to 66*s.*—Barley, 24*s.* to 35*s.*—Oats, 14*s.* to 24*s.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 80*s.*—Clover ditto, 75*s.* to 95*s.*—Straw, 25*s.* to 30*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 11*s.* to 20*s.* per ton.—delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s.* to 12*s.* per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market.—Accounts of the Grouse from the North, and the quantity of Game generally in the country, highly satisfactory. On the 17th the market was first well supplied, and the Game in high condition. Partridges were sold at from 6*s.* to 9*s.* the brace. Leverets of good size, and remarkable fine condition, 4*s.* to 5*s.* each. The market, on the 24th, was well stocked with Grouse, in fair condition, selling at 4*s.* to 6*s.* the brace. Black Game, fine and plentiful, from 7*s.* to 8*s.* Plenty of good Leverets at 4*s.* each.

Middlesex, August 26.

Baylis and Leighton, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.